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Two Friends.

Friend, let me speak to thee;
Wealthy art thou!
Men through their poverty,
Through want and misery,
Have sinned and sorrowed
Often ere now.

Friend, let me speak to thee;
Poorer art thou!
From opportunity,
From wealth and luxury,
Men oft have borrowed
Sorrow ere now.

Friends, will ye tell to me,
Both of you now,
Despite your disparity,
From each other's charity
How oft have ye borrowed
Comfort ere now.

How I Lost My Heart.

To tell you just how I lost it,
Oh, that were a difficult task;
How the thing got away on that autumn day
I never stopped to ask.
Perhaps 'twas a glance that did it,
A soft caress to my hair,
A close warm grasp, or a gentle clasp,
That captured it then and there.

You see, there are things you can govern,
But hearts have a way of their own;
Like birds they fly, and you can't tell why—
You only miss them when gone.
And why I don't tell the story,
If the reason you really must learn,
Is, though life grew bright with a rosy light,
Yet I won no heart in return.

Somebody's eyes were gentle and kind,
And his voice was soft and low;
But the heart I wanted was given away
Ever so long ago,
And so, while I solace a lonely life
With a cat and a cup of tea,
Somebody's arm is round his wife
And her baby is on his knee.

And the loss I met with results in this,
That mine is a lonely part;
You can't for your life make a loving wife
Of a woman without a heart.
Another head rests on the manly breast
That I wanted to shelter me;
Some other fair face has won my place,
So no man's wife I'll be.

But compensation's a law of life,
And though trials the gods will send,
I've no one to scold when his beefsteak's cold,
And no small stockings to mend.
So that the love that is lost I never regret,
When I think what my troubles might be:
When dinner is late I smile at fate,
And nobody storms at me.

THE PRAIRIE FIRE.

The round golden sun rose slowly up into the gray morning sky; long, very long before the first dim streaks of dawn had stolen in through the fissures in the rude canvas tent, Horace Gray and his young wife, Gertrude, were up and doing. Only the first night of their stay in their new Western home had passed, and there was much for them to accomplish ere the sun went down again. They had brought only a few of the most necessary articles of household furniture with them; and Horace was to return that day to a rude settlement miles away, to bring the remainder.

Such was their haste that no fire was kindled, and the remnants of the last night's supper sufficed for their simple breakfast. In a few moments the horses were harnessed and waiting, and then Horace Gray came back to bid his wife good-bye ere he started. Softly stealing his arm round her slender waist, he gently drew her towards the tent-door, where they could gaze upon the magnificent prospect around them. Away in the distance as far as the eye could reach, containing acres upon acres, stretched the wide, rich prairie, covered with long, tangled grass, crisped and browned by the October frosts, rippling gently in the soft zephyr-like winds which played through it like the blue waves of the great ocean which stretched so many weary leagues away, over the tops of the great trees which bordered the western horizon.

Opposite them, not many hundred yards away, ran and sparkled a little rill, dancing joyously in the glad morning sunbeams, curving partly round the tent, and parting just below it only to unite a few feet beyond, leaving a little miniature island of fairy-like beauty and proportions, around which the low murmuring of the waters made perpetual music.

On the left hand, far away in the distant east, stretched a long growth of heavy woodland, now crusted with the autumn gold, as if aping the rich western sunset, seeming to mingle its billowy foliage with the dim, gray sky which bounded the distant horizon. In the north, behind the tent, only the great grass-grown prairie rolled away as far as the eye could reach, covered with the lights and shadows of an October morning, gemmed now and then by the few gorgeous autumnal flowers which the frost had left untouched, and which gleamed richly forth in the many depths of the brown, tall trees.

Horace Gray gazed long and curiously at this truly magnificent scene; and then bending tenderly over the slight form of his delicate young wife, he said, earnestly: "I have not yet asked my Gerty how well she likes her new home."

These words were spoken anxiously, and the speaker's voice trembled a very little; but the young wife looked up with a bright, cheerful smile upon her face, as she said, enthusiastically: "There is no need of it, Horace; I love it already. I little thought, when I left my dear Eastern home, to what a fairy land you were taking me. I know I shall be perfectly contented here, with this lovely scene spread out forever before me. Only see," she continued, her sweet, girlish face lighting up more and more, "what a soft, beautiful sky stretches above us, and what a splendid country around! How gorgeous is the coloring of these late flowers; how soft and billowy the prairie looks; how grand and solemn those dark old woods yonder; and how sweet and peaceful that little rill which meanders along so joyously! Oh, my Horace! will we not be happy here?"

She lifted her eyes confidingly to her husband's face, as she concluded speaking, and with a glad, happy heart he clasped her again and again tenderly to his bosom.

"Dear Gerty, he said, earnestly, "I have so often feared that you would droop and pine in this lonely place, that makes me very happy to hear you speak thus. I am very glad that you think you shall like your new home."

"Feared that I should pine, and you with me, Horace?" she said, reproachfully.

"But you have ever before been surrounded by so many true, sincere friends," he answered.

"Of whom my husband was the truest and the best! No, no, I never can be lonely with you."

"But I know you must sometimes sigh for the loved ones you have left behind," her husband answered. "Do you think I shall be sufficient for you then? Will you not mourn for the sound of other voices, and your heart thirst for other love than mine?"

He bent his head slightly forward, and looked earnestly, almost anxiously, into her face.

"Horace," she answered, truthfully, "when I promised to become your wife, I knew full well all that I must forsake in coming here with you; yet I came. I knew it must be years before the sight of father, mother, sister, or brother would gladden my eyes; yet I gave them up for one who should be more than all of these. I came here with a full knowledge of the step I was taking, and do not now, and am sure I never shall, regret it. That I should mourn for those I have left sometimes, is only natural; but were it you, instead of them, from whom I was parted, then my grief would be much the greater. This parting I can bear, but I could not that."

And she nestled both of her small white hands trustingly into his.

"Then you love and value me more than all of these, my Gerty?" he asked, joyfully.

"Ay, more than the whole wide, wide world besides," was answered, earnestly.

Again he clasped her fondly to his heart, and, upon releasing her, said: "See, Gerty, the sun is gaining upon us while we stand here talking, and the horses begin to grow impatient. I must away now, if I would return to you before sunset. Are you sure you shall not be afraid to stay alone in my absence?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered, cheerfully. "I am going to be your brave little wife, you know. Besides, I must accustom myself to being alone, and this will be a nice time to begin."

"I am very glad that you are so light-hearted about it, for I shall go away the happier. There, kiss me once! Now good-bye!" And he jumped lightly into the heavy wagon.

"You will be at home before dark, won't you, Horace?"

"Yes, love!" And the whip cracked about the ears of the impatient horses, and with many a backward glance, Horace Grey sped along on his journey.

Gertrude shed a few quiet tears, which were soon brushed away, as he disappeared in the tall prairie grass far away to the eastward; and, then, with a light laugh, humming a gay tune, she culled a handful of the choicest of the late flowers blooming around, and then returned slowly to the tent.

Once there, she began to arrange the few household utensils which had already arrived, in perfect order, against her husband's return. They consisted of only a plain pine table, two chairs, a rude camp bed, and a few smaller articles; and, therefore, in a very few moments they were arranged to suit her. Some of the flowers which she had gathered, she placed in a broken pitcher upon the table, and the rest were woven into a light wreath, that she hung over the tent door.

This done, to keep her thoughts from dwelling too much upon her loneliness, she drew a book from her pocket and commenced to read. Becoming interested, at last, the hours flew by unheeded, until at length she was aroused to a sense of her situation by a peculiar, smoky smell, which impregnated the air of the tent. Rising from her seat, she went hastily towards the door and looked out. The sky all around seemed filled by a thick, dark vapor, and the air felt hot and oppressive, while a peculiar sound came from the northward.

With a horrible, sickening fear struggling in her heart, she sprang out away from the tent, and giving a single glance in the direction from whence it came, staggered suddenly forward, with her hands pressed tightly over a still, ghastly face, from whence every particle of color had fled, leaving it like the snowdrift. In that glance, a terrible truth, which made her brain dizzy and her heart sick, had been forced upon her. Far away to the northward the whole wide prairie was on fire, and like the tempest-tossed waves of the ocean, the mad flames were leaping over the dry, tangled prairie grass towards her, like ravenous monsters eager for their prey.

"Great God!" she gasped, faintly, "Thou art all-powerful; oh, save me for my Horace's sake!"

At this thought of her husband, renewed strength came to the sinking form of the young wife, and she resolved to struggle yet resolutely for life, if it were only for his sake. Suddenly, like a half-forgotten dream, there dawned upon her confused brain the remembrance of something her husband had told her long before, and which she had never thought of afterwards until then.

"I will try," she cried, eagerly. "He said a counter-fire was the best course any one could pursue in such a situation. Heaven must have sent that thought."

She sprang to her feet, and entered the tent once more. The tin box was nowhere in sight—her husband must have taken it—and she well knew that there were no matches at hand. One last hope remained to her; some of the fire Horace had made the night before might be remaining. On that, she felt, rested her life or death, and with trembling hands she raked over the ashes. Not a single spark rewarded her search.

"Lost, lost!" she cried, wringing her hands; "all hope is lost, and I may as well submit at last! What an end to all my dreams of happiness! I must save myself! I must find a way soon, for in a few moments it will be too late. Father in heaven, direct me! Oh, I cannot remain here to be burned alive! It is too horrible!"

She sprang out in the thick, stifling air. During her absence the fire had made fearful progress, and was now almost upon her. As it came roaring towards her, the dense smoke stifled and blinded her; with every sense but a desire to escape benumbed and palsied, she sprang away in the opposite direction like a hunted deer. Only once she paused and gazed behind her. The tent she had just left was on fire, and the flames were spreading after her. On—on, faster and faster she flew—still she could hear the crackling, hissing sound close behind her, nearer and nearer; until the hot air scorched her delicate skin. It was a terrible race—a race for life and love—which that weak woman ran with the roaring, hungry monster behind her. Who would conquer?

Still on she ran, her speed increasing, for the love of life was yet strong, until something yawned before her. It was a clear, soft flowing stream of water; and, with a glad cry and a quick bound, she had crossed it. She stood upon the little island—there was water all around her—and, with a grateful heart, she sank wearily upon her knees. But all danger was not over. Where she had crossed, the brook was very narrow for several feet in length; and, as a light wind fanned the flames upon the opposite bank, the result was yet doubtful.

But Gertrude's brain had become clear, her wits more keen, and she was ready for this emergency. With her own weak hands she broke two great branches from a bush which grew close beside her. With one in each hand, she stood calmly up, and watched the progress of the fire. Soon, as she had expected, a stronger gust of wind sent the nearest flames towering far up, until they had crossed the barrier between them, and caught in the dry grass at her feet. But she was fully prepared. For moments, that seemed like ages to her, she fought bravely with the flames. At last, she conquered. Her efforts were successful; the fire passed her, but it left her secure.

The hot air had burned and blistered upon her face; the smoke had choked and stifled her; but not until it all was passed, and she was again free from danger, did her strength utterly give way. The flames still rolled and hissed around her; but she knew it not. She had fainted.

Hours, long, blissful hours rolled on, but still she remained in that death-like swoon. At last a voice sounded over the prairie—a voice that was wont to send the warm blood coursing through every vein, but now it awoke no answering thrill. A moment more, and Horace stood beside her, pressing her light form madly to heart.

"Gerty, my wife—my Gerty!" he cried, passionately; "you cannot be dead! I expected to find you a blackened corpse on my return. Heaven has saved you, and you must live for my sake."

He bathed her face with the water from the brook, but it was long, very long, ere she exhibited any signs of returning life. At length she opened her eyes wearily.

"It is a terrible fire!" she said, faintly. "Oh, Horace, I would I might live to see you once more!"

"I am here, Gerty; don't you see me?" he answered, pressing her closer to him. "The fire has all died away; but, thank God, it has left you to me, my wife. I care nothing for the rest, so that my darling is uninjured."

For a long while she lay in his arms as weak and helpless as a babe; but after an hour's rest and quiet, her strength was in some degree restored, so that she was able to sit up and tell her husband calmly of her peril and escape. With grateful hearts, they sank upon their knees together, and thanked God for the victory.

A few months later, and a neat, tasteful log cabin marked the site of the tent which had been burned; but this time there was no fear that the fire would ever reach it, for the immigrants adopted precautions to prevent it.

The Spare Bed.

When I go to the country to visit my relatives, writes M. Quad, the spare bed rises up before my imagination days before I start, and I shiver as I remember how cold and grave-like the sheets are. I put off the visit as long as possible, solely on account of that spare bed. I don't like to tell them that I had rather sleep on a picket fence than to enter that spare room and creep into that spare bed, and so they know nothing of my sufferings.

The spare bed is always as near a mile and a half from the rest of the beds as it can be located. It's either up stairs at the head of the hall, or off in the parlor. The parlor curtains have not been raised for weeks; everything is as prim as an old maid's bonnet, and the bed is as square and true as if it had been made up to a carpenter's rule.

No matter whether it be summer or winter, the bed is like ice, and it sinks down in a way to make one shiver. The sheets are slippery clean, the pillow slips rustle like shrouds, and one dare not stretch his leg down for fear of kicking against a tombstone.

One sinks down until he is lost in the hollow, and foot by foot the prim bedposts vanish from sight. He is worn out and sleepy, but he knows that the rest of the family are so far away that no one could hear him if he should shout for an hour, and this makes him nervous. He wonders if any one ever died in that room, and straightway he sees faces of dead persons, hears strange noises, and presently feels a chill galloping up and down his back.

Did any one ever pass a comfortable night in a spare bed? no matter how many quilts and spreads covered him he could not get warm, and if he accidentally fell asleep it was to awake with a start, under the impression that a dead man was pulling his nose. It will be days and weeks before he recovers from the impression, and yet he must suffer in silence, because the spare bed was assigned him in token of esteem and affection.

Do Not Worry About Yourself.

To retain or recover health, persons should be relieved from all anxiety concerning disease. The mind has power over the body, for a person to think he has a disease will often produce that disease. This we see effected when the mind is intensely concentrated on the disease of another. It is found in the hospitals that surgeons and physicians who make a specialty of certain diseases are liable to die of them themselves; and the mental strain is so great that sometimes people die of diseases which they have only in imagination. We have seen a person sea-sick in anticipation of a voyage, ere reaching the vessel. We have known persons to die of an imaginary cancer in the stomach, when they had no cancer or any other mortal disease. A blindfolded man, slightly pricked in the arm, has fainted and died from believing that he was bleeding to death. Therefore, well persons, to remain so, should be cheerful and happy, and sick persons should have their attention diverted as much as possible from themselves. It is by their faith that men are saved, and it is by their faith they die. As a man thinketh so is he. If he wills not to die he can often live in spite of disease, and if he has little or no attachment to life he will slip away as easily as a child will fall asleep. Men live by their souls and not by their bodies. Their bodies have no life of themselves, they are only receptacles of life—tenements for their souls, and the will has much to do in containing the physical occupancy or giving it up.

Blessings on the Boys.

Blessings on the boys. Not the young, healthy, rosy-cheeked male savages of thirteen or sixteen years. They cannot help being boys, and deserve no special credit or condemnation for it. But blessings on those hale old boys of forty or forty-five or even sixty, who bend their broad shoulders to the burnens of life, but who do not let those burdens crush their hearts; whose eyes are quick to catch the light of merriment over a droll story, and quicker to fill with tears of sympathy for a friend's distress; who retains a boyish love and reverence for all that is womanly; whose boyish confidence in humanity, as a whole, though often shocked, never dies; who watch eagerly for the bright spots of sunshine on life's carpet, and seat themselves where it falls brightest and warmest. They rarely grow very rich, for their boyish generosity is too careless for that; they may not command the awe of admiring crowds; they are not always systematic enough to be safely trusted with important offices; but the nimble feet of childhood springs to them, manhood trustingly extends to them a wide open hand, women greet them with a confiding smile, and all through life they live and receive great treasures of pure love. God himself is very tender to these boys.

Proverbs.

Borrowed clothes never fit.
Better go round than fall in a ditch.
Better go alone than in bad company.
Be slow to promise but quick to perform.
Better to go to bed supperless than get up in debt.
Cut your coat according to your cloth.
Catch the bear before you sell his skin.
Charity begins at home, but does not end there.
Do not rip up old sores.
Doing nothing is doing ill.
Diligence commands success.
Debt is the worst kind of poverty.
Dependence is a poor trade to follow.
Deeds are fruits, words are but leaves.
Do unto others as you would have them do to you.
Every couple is not a pair.
Everything is good in its season.
Everybody's business is nobody's business.
False friends are worse than open enemies.
Fortune knocks once at least at every man's gate.
Fire and water are good servants, but bad masters.
Great barkers are not biters.
Great gain and little pain makes a man weary.
Give a rogue rope enough and he will hang himself.

The Coal Miner.

A correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, writing from Hazleton, Pa., gives us the following picture of the coal miner: Why cannot the miners agree with their employers about wages without constant strikes, and why, if they will strike, don't they do it like butchers, bakers, and candlestick makers, and all the rest?

To settle this point one must go among the miners and study their character and surroundings. There are many causes of discussion, but the chief one is this: The miner is, or tries to be, a law to himself as far as his wages are concerned. Of the laws of political economy which govern the rise and fall of prices he of course knows nothing, and for statute laws, as far as they affect his right to strike, and to force his fellows to strike, he cares very little. He lives under a rude form of democracy, the laws of which are unwritten but arbitrary and certain of execution, because every man is a self-constituted judge and executioner. When the majority in the secret council of his union determine to strike, he strikes without reflecting whether the determination was wise or unwise, right or wrong. According to his simple ethics the majority have a right to rule, and the minority must be made to submit. Very seldom do the minority rebel. Punishment is summary. A letter of warning, embellished with a rough drawing of a coffin, is first sent to the "blackleg" who dares to work after the strike is decreed. If he does not heed this notice, the next one is more emphatic. He must be a brave man, indeed, if he still perseveres, for he knows that all around him are deadly enemies, waiting for an opportunity to kill him. They were friends and comrades before the strike began, but now they are merciless. If a "blackleg" is found dead by the roadside, or is shot in his cabin, no witness ever appears to point out the murderer. The terrible tribe of Danites among the Mormons did not execute vengeance more mysteriously than do the miners execute what they deem to be justice upon the violators of their code. If you wish to know in what terror men stand of this unwritten code, go to one of the hundreds of miners whom you may find idling away their time in the mining villages near here, and offer him $100 to put his lamp in his cap, go down the neighboring slope and cut a ton of coal. For weeks he may have been denying himself every comfort save a little tobacco for his short pipe, but he will laugh at your offer, and wonder if you take him for a fool, that he should risk his life for a little money.

Destroying Wills.

There is very good reason to suspect, the New York *Times* says, that numbers of those persons who are supposed to die intestate do not so die in fact. In too many instances the will has been destroyed. The temptation offered is too strong to be resisted. There is a bright fire in the grate, and, standing beside it, the finder of a will peruses clause after clause only to discover that a sum infinitely less than he thinks his due has been bequeathed to him. Let him drop the document into the flames, and, under the assumed intestacy, a handsome slice must be his. The solicitor may, indeed, produce a duplicate, which can be entered for probate, and the criminal may thus find himself defeated. But what then? The crime at all events, cannot be brought home to him. It was the opinion of one of those most experienced testamentary suits that this offense is frequently perpetrated.

Which He Preferred.

A New York judge had before him a man named John Bingham, who pleaded guilty to the charge of bigamy, both of the wives being present in court. His counselor privately cross-examined the bigamist, but he insisted upon having a plea of guilty entered.

The counsel (addressing the court)—Your honor, I think this man has had punishment enough from his two wives, and that should be taken into consideration in passing sentence.

Recorder—Prisoner, which would you rather have the court do—discharge you to live with your two wives, or sentence you to State prison for three years?

Prisoner—Your honor, send me to State prison for mercy's sake!

Recorder—I grant your request, and send you to State prison for three years at hard labor.

The Spelling Schools.

One good effect of the spelling match fever is discernible after all. It will, perhaps, introduce into the vernacular some words of convenient generalizing effect that have long been sealed up from common use in the unexplored depths of unabridged dictionaries. How handy, for example, will it be when we are called on to speak of the place of a planet or the moon, when it is in conjunction with the sun, to refer to its syzygy. How simple, when struggling with a fashion article on the varieties of sealskin, to classify them as phocine materials! How smoothly and trippingly on the tongue, when dealing with the mysteries of the butter trade, to lump the whole question as a butyraceous one.

The Chinese Emperor.

A new emperor has ascended the throne of China. Some accounts mention the age of this new emperor as three years, and others as five years. The explanation of this discrepancy is easy; every Chinaman adds one year to his real age, but the emperor is allowed to add two. The three years may thus be the age counting from the birth, and the five years the official imperial age. The name of the present emperor's father is Prince Chun, but his own name has not yet been declared, a new one always being assumed on coming to the throne.

A GOOD SPEECH.—One of the best political speeches ever made came from the lips of a military gentleman during the last Senatorial contest in West Virginia. It was as follows: Gentlemen—If no one will make a speech, I will, and I will stop when I get done. Citizens of West Virginia, if you would all take the same interest in developing the resources of your country by opening your rich mines, cultivating the soil, improving your stock, and cultivating habits of industry that you take hunting public offices for yourselves or friends, you would soon have one of the first and best States in the Union.

THE FALLS.—Many years ago, in Paris, Miss Porter, of Niagara Falls, was asked if she knew much about the Falls. "Yes," she replied, "I own them." This was substantially true, as most of the land on the American side, along the rapids and down to the cataract itself, was the property of the Porter family. Recently one-eighth of all the lands and premises on Goat Island was sold by Jane Townsend to Elizabeth Porter for $51,325, and one-sixteenth part of the same property was sold to George M. Perth for $25,662.50. At this rate Goat Island is worth about $400,000.

Prof. of Rhetoric: "What important change came over Burns in the latter part of his life?" Senior: "He died."

AN OLD MAN'S DEATH SENTENCE.

Remorse that Sealed the Lips of a White-Haired Wife Murderer.

Upon the opening of the criminal court in St. Louis William Morgan, the old white-haired man who was convicted at the last term of the court for having murdered his wife July 27, 1874, was brought up from the county jail, and seated with several other prisoners to the left of the judge's bench. His face wore the same pale, sorrowful look that it did during the progress of his trial, and his whole manner showed unmistakable evidences of much mental suffering.

At half-past ten a deputy marshal led the prisoner up to the bar of the court, where the judge, addressing him, said: "William Morgan, have you anything to say why the court should not now proceed to sentence you in accordance with the verdict of the jury?"

The prisoner hung his head, and began with his left hand to play with the silvery white locks which fell down his left temple.

The judge repeated the question, but again the prisoner made no reply. He did not even seem to notice that he had been addressed.

The time the judge asked the deputy to call the prisoner's attention to the question just put to him. The deputy approached Morgan, took him by the arm and said: "The judge is talking to you," but got no answer; the deputy then said: "Do you hear me?" again no reply.

"Speak louder," said the judge, "perhaps he can't hear well."

"Do you hear me," cried out the deputy, in a very loud voice.

The prisoner stood motionless, and made no sign whatever that he was conscious of what was going on, but continued playing with his curls.

"Bring him up closer," said the judge to the deputy.

The latter then caught hold of his arm a second time, and gently pulled him forward. The prisoner took a couple of steps forward and stopped, his fingers still playing with his curls, and his eyes cast to the floor.

A lawyer spoke up and said that the prisoner evidently had nothing to say, whereupon the judge continued: "Upon the indictment preferred by the grand jury, charging you with the willful and deliberate murder of your wife, you were placed upon trial before a jury of your countrymen, selected by yourself and the counsel you had engaged to assist in your defense. To the jury thus chosen and duly sworn well and truly to try the issue between yourself and the State, the facts in your case and the law applicable thereto were fully presented, and they, after due deliberation, have solemnly pronounced you guilty of willful, deliberate and premeditated murder.

"It would be a task as unpleasant as useless for me to state in detail the evidence of your guilt. Every circumstance of the terrible tragedy in which you bore so active a part is doubtless so deeply impressed on the tablets of your memory that death alone can wash away the remembrance thereof.

"The crime of which you have been convicted has been declared by the makers of our laws to merit death, and this sentence I must now pass upon you.

"In all kindness and sincerity I ask that for the few weeks that will elapse before the execution of this sentence you turn your thoughts and prayers to that all-wise God, who alone can reconcile justice with mercy and give you peace in this the day of your affliction.

"In pursuance of the verdict of the jury declaring you guilty of the crime of murder in the first degree, the sentence that I now pronounce against you is: That you be taken hence to the place whence you came, that thence, on Friday, the twenty-eighth day of May, 1875, between the hours of ten o'clock in the forenoon and three o'clock in the afternoon, you be carried to the place of execution, and there hanged by the neck until you are dead; and may God have mercy on your soul."

During the reading of the sentence the old man remained motionless, and seemingly unconscious of what was being said and done, and looked as though he had been entirely deserted by every earthly being.

The Potato Bug.

The Colorado potato beetle is a problem, the solution of which outweighs in importance many other questions. The Colorado potato bug first made its appearance in 1861 in the far West, and since that time has been gradually enlarging its sphere of action at the rate of sixty miles a year, which, unless it shall be checked, will bring the bug to the Atlantic States about the year 1880. The beast is enormously prolific, and every fifty days he duplicates his family, which generally numbers about 1,200. Thus far no way of exterminating him has been discovered. Paris green will kill him, but unfortunately it kills the plant also on which he alights. So notorious is his character that the most strenuous exertions are employed to prevent him from entering England, Germany, and France. Every potato is met on the frontier and rigidly examined to see that there is no bug about it, and every stalk and loose particle of soil which accompanies it is removed and burned lest it should conceal some egg which might bourgeon villainously even in the new soil. The Colorado bugs travel in such vast numbers that in one night they will settle upon acres and acres of young potatoes and destroy them all. They do not seem to take kindly to other plants, and therefore if they increase and multiply it is because they have this food. Possibly the planting of no potatoes for a year or two is the only way to eradicate the dreaded bug.

Brutal Revenge.

A most cruel and dastardly outrage was perpetrated in England, not long since, upon James Bradshaw, a workingman. After leaving his work Bradshaw entered a beer house, where he found a man who goes by the *sobriquet* of Flunkey, and who was a laborer in the works. It so happened that Bradshaw had occasion to find fault with him at his work, and Flunkey determined to have his revenge. Bradshaw being a fine, powerful fellow, and Flunkey rather diminutive, the latter dared not attack him openly; but as Bradshaw, unconcernedly, had his back toward Flunkey, the latter suddenly took his greasy cap, saturated with the oil accumulations of years, from his head, and placed it on the fire. The cap blazed up fiercely, and with the burning oil and grease streaming from it, he clapped it on Bradshaw's head, and held it there for some moments, setting his hair on fire, burning his head and face in a terrible manner, and rendering him nearly blind. Bradshaw gave a yell of agony, and leaped forward, dazed, upon which the ruffian effected his escape.

SQUIRRELS.—Governor Pacheco, of California, publishes a letter received by him from a firm of paint-brush manufacturers, suggesting that he offer a reward for the skins of the squirrels which have become such a nuisance in the rural districts of his State. The tails of the little animals, it is said, furnish what is known as "camels's hair" in the brush business, and a market can be found for all that the farmers and their boys can procure.

Ante-Mortem Gifts.

The New York *Times*, referring to the Lick gift in California, after styling it an "Indian gift," to be taken back when desired, says:

Whatever now becomes of the original intention of the donor of millions, the glory of the thing is forever destroyed. No future munificence can restore the applause. The action of the trustees, so far as it has gone, is ratified; but there is an uncertainty whether science is to have its costly telescope and observatory, humanity its asylums, and art its monuments. Some of these things were assured in the hands of the trustees. These gentlemen are men of business and unblemished repute. Perhaps it was not certain that their experience in funds, real estate, and merchandise has fitted them to superintend the plans for great works of art, or found liberal institutions for science. But they were more likely to make a wise and discreet disposition of the money than Mr. Lick could have done, even at his best. The misfortune of the whole affair is not so much that there is a possibility that the money will not now be used beneficially, as that the revocation will have an unfortunate effect on rich men inclined to give liberally. At any rate, it will check that sort of *ante-mortem* munificence of which Mr Lick has been an illustrious, though fleeting, example. Evidently, it is not wise for a man, in his lifetime, to put his property out of his control for the benefit of the world at large. If he has not the wisdom and unselfishness to spend the bulk of his fortune for public purposes, let him enjoy its possession while he can, and leave it for others to lay out in specific purposes when he cannot come back and reclaim it. It is not in human nature to give up to strangers the absolute control of the product of our labors and sagacity. If, as we have intimated, Mr. Lick has found new strength in the struggle which he has had with himself since his original deed was executed, we may recommend his case to the attention of infirm rich men, who think they are ready for eternal things because temporal have lost their zest. Men who are ready to compromise with Heaven and humanity by *ante-mortem* offerings, may find new life in giving up now.

Just Like Human Beings.

I have often amused myself by watching the inhabitants of a farmyard, and seeing how the cows have their laws of precedence and etiquette as clearly defined as those of any European court. Every cow knows her place and keeps it; she will not condescend to take a lower, and would not be allowed to take a higher. When a newly bought calf is first introduced to the farmyard, it is treated just like a new boy at school. The previous inhabitants of the yard come and inspect it contemptuously, they decline its society, they crowd it away from the hay-racks; and a newcomer in a farmyard has about as much chance of approaching the rack at feeding-time as a new boy has of getting near the fire on a cold winter day.

However, as time goes on, the young calf increases in growth, and is allowed to mix with her companions on tolerably equal terms. Then, if a younger animal than herself be admitted, it is amusing to see with what gratification she bullies the new-comer, and how much higher she seems to rank in her own estimation when she is no longer the junior. Should the fates be propitious, she arrives at the dignity of being senior cow, and never fails to assert that dignity on every occasion. When the cattle are taken out of the yard to their pasture in the morning, and when they return to it in the evening, she will not allow any one except herself to take the place where the man in charge of the cows would not allow the "ganger," as the head cow is often called, to go out first. The result was that she refused to go out at all; and in order to get her out of the yard, the man had to drive all the other cows back again, so that she might take her proper place at their head.

The Lick Gift.

The San Francisco *Bulletin*, speaking of the action of Mr. Lick in seeking to revoke his deed of trust, presents a different view of the matter from that expressed by most of the newspapers on the Pacific coast. It says that it does not appear that Mr. Lick has repented of his benevolence, but that he believes that he can revise the trust, make it more effectual, and administer some part of it during his lifetime. The property is valued at $5,000,000, and, consisting mostly of real estate, will greatly increase in value. The *Bulletin* holds that the man by whose shrewdness, energy, and foresight this property has been accumulated may have the ability to give a more practical effect to his donations than if the whole direction of these gifts should be left to trustees. There is another consideration of importance. It is said that good lawyers think that under the code, some of the trusts created in the Lick estate are void for want of any party authorized by law to take them, and it is almost certain that upon the death of Mr. Lick the validity of the gift in its original form would have been contested by his legal heirs. If an amicable settlement with these heirs can be made by Mr. Lick during his lifetime, that is something gained, and it may be the means of preventing the whole trust from being set aside, as was done in the case of a trust created by the late Horace Hawes, also of California, where the widow and relatives came in and took the whole property, save what went for lawyer's fees.

Recovered His Voice.

The Nashville (Tenn.) *Banner* says: Two years ago a convict named Wylie was sent to the penitentiary from Shelby county. Since his incarceration he has pretended that he could not speak, and, as he has almost constantly indulged in dancing, making faces, etc., he soon came to be regarded in the double character of "dummy" and idiot. Of late he has been employed as a "trusty," and was allowed to polish the boots of the officers of the prison every morning, going outside the walls into the office to perform that task. Seizing the opportunity, which he had waited two years for, Sunday morning he stole two coats, a pair of pantaloons, a pair of boots, eleven dollars and a half in money, and made his escape. He then made his way to a corner of the wall, and there doffed his old clothes and donned the new suit. He was captured at Vaughn's gap, when it was found he had fully recovered his speech.

A Dog Story.

A Mr. Gallagher was always accompanied by his faithful dog "Captain." After a short illness Mr. G. died; the dog, thinking it his duty, went alone to the factory, returning in the morning as usual. This he continued four nights, but grew melancholy, whining piteously around the house during the day and often going to his master's grave. The fourth day after his master's death he left the house, walked slowly to the railroad crossing, and was seen to remain for some time, until the express train approached, when he stretched himself across the rail, regardless of the engineer's whistle, thus ending his sorrows. This tale very appropriately ends with a very loud whistle.

Making Bread.

A woman with whom we once lived for a time, says *Scribner's Monthly*, had kept house for thirty-five years, had never had a servant, and had, during that period, as she informed us, "baked twice a week regular." Consequently, to go into the statistics of the matter, bread had been baked in that establishment 3,640 times. Deducting 240 for occasional sickness or absence of the mistress (a large allowance, for she was healthy, and seldom went from home), and we have 3,400 times that this woman had made and baked bread.

She used good flour, and yet her bread was invariably damp, sticky, and unfit for a savage to eat, and no Christian stomach could possibly digest it with comfort. Now surely this was a wonderful thing! By what methods, unfathomable to ordinary reason, could she have avoided, in thirty-five years' practice, learning how to make good yeast, how much to work the dough, how long it should stand to get light, what temperature the oven should be, and the proper length of time to bake it? How could she help doing it right the three thousand four hundredth time? It would seem that a vast amount of labor would be necessary to do it badly! She was a women of average good sense, and, no doubt, conscientious. She had no asperations and no "mission," and read nothing but a weekly religious newspaper. Her whole mind was in her housekeeping, and here was the result!

Another woman, now over fifty years of age, has cooked more or less, generally more, since she was twelve. She has a special liking for lamb chops, and has cooked them very many times. And to this day she serves up liver-colored chops, fried, and swimming in a greasy liquid! Merely looking at them will give a right-minded person dyspepsia. This woman has eaten lamb chops elsewhere, cooked according to the best civilized methods, and has praised them; but each time she returns serenely to her frying-pan and grease. Now upon what hypothesis can this be explained? Can it be possible that there are human beings so constituted that their bodies and minds act independently, so that the sensation of taste has no mental effect whatever? For in these instances the results were not the effect of carelessness or indifference—they both thought their horrid abominations were feasts for the gods.

And not the least curious thing in these cases is that these poor cooks have sharp eyes for the fault of the butcher and the baker. The butcher knows better than to offer a stale stake or tough chop to No. 2; and if the baker were to serve No. 1 with such bread as she makes herself she would refuse pay for it, entirely unconscious of the reflection she would thus cast upon herself.

Why do some housekeepers continue, week after week, month after month, and year after year, to use raw flour for "thickening?" Would it not be reasonable to suppose that after a number of years—say ten—the raw flavor, and the stickiness of the compound, would suggest to them the possibility of altering their manner of preparing it?

We have suggested but a few things that happened to occur to us, and these belong to only one branch of housekeeping; but if we were to pursue our inquiries into other departments we should be met at every turn with phenomena similar to the above. They indicate the existence in the midst of our home life of marvels that science has failed to explain, and for which reason can find no law.

Nervous Excitement.

One dreadful form of nervous excitement very prevalent among all classes of society is that which is commonly called "dipsomania." A weak tendency to drink becomes an insane tendency. We are especially liable to it at the present time, because so many of us are overwrought. Our actors, our orators, our commercial men, can hardly keep up the nervous energy required to go through with their work, and so they take alcohol to get up the steam of the mind. We believe if a man has to go through a certain amount of bodily work he will do it better if he takes a little stimulant. In cases of mental strain, the freer he keeps from stimulant the better. Let him always eat something when he drinks. Let him drink as little stimulant as possible as a rule; let him substitute coffee or cocoa for spirits and wine, and he will be fresher for work and last out better. The body is a tough machine, but you must treat it fairly; and so of the mind—it is usually tough enough, but you can upset it. We beseech you, workers, to watch yourselves, especially in this matter of taking stimulants. But what shall we say of the pleasure makers? Young people should enjoy themselves if enjoyment comes innocently. But what do we see constantly? We see young people whose susceptibilities are keenly alive to everything that comes from without, fresh and healthy young girls of seventeen and eighteen, at parties and balls, who really require no stimulant, or the least possible amount—a little wine and water at most. Well, these young girls drink champagne at intervals, glass after glass; they do not know how much they do drink. They have not been cautioned. It is excitability; it is thoughtlessness. But it is like throwing vitriol upon roses to apply such an amount of stimulant to young, healthy bodies. A little thought would constantly set all this right.

A Reward.

When a happy mother in England is thrice blessed, when she has "triplets," she receives the Queen's bounty of three sovereigns. This is only, of course, if she is in a position to need pecuniary assistance; and it has just been refused to a claimant, in Warwickshire, upon the ground of her belonging to the upper ten. It is necessary that the three "little strangers" should be all alive in order to receive this donation, but there is no restriction as to sex. So rare, however, is a phenomenon of this kind that even the chance of doublets has been ascertained to be less than one per cent. I know an eminent physician of London, who, having satisfied himself of this fact, has received for many years a pound from each of his married friends whenever there was an increase to their families, upon the understanding that he was to pay a hundred if the increase was in duplicate, and he has made quite a little fortune out of this compact, and never had to pay a penny.

"No Injun There."

We are inclined to think that the frontiersmen, when they capture "bad Injuns," do not generally think it necessary to take their photographs, in order to their future identification. They seldom trouble their captors long, and are never reformed and then let go. Still, the chief in the following incident may be pardoned for his exultation over the white race: A band of Western Indians, visiting the Treasury department, were taken into the Secret Service division, where there are numerous photographs of thieves, counterfeiters, etc.—men, women and boys, of all nations and colors, but no Indians. After looking over the entire lot, the chief, turning to his white escort, drew himself up proudly, and with a wave of his hand toward the group of pictures, said: "Ugh! no Injun there!"

A BANDIT'S WARNING.

The Advice Given to Parents by Vasquez, the Noted California Bandit, on the Scaffold.

Tiburcio Vasquez was a bandit. He and his band ravaged at will several of the lower counties of California. In the wild, free, Andalusian life of Los Angeles and Santa Clara, these brigands found ample room and verge enough for exploits whose recital takes us back to the medieval times, when robber barons and predatory knights swooped down upon the plains

The Centre Reporter.

FRED. KURTZ..... Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., May 6, 1875.

TERMS.—$2 per year, in advance, 2,50 when not paid in advance.

Advertisements 20c per line for three insertions, and for 6 and 12 months by special contract.

Gov. Hartranft has our thanks for a copy of General Laws passed during the session of 1875.

In twenty-one counties of Georgia, as shown by the late census, the negroes own and feed 4,211 dogs and but 295 sheep, or about fifteen dogs to one sheep. Healthy condition of things!

At last Grant has declined something offered him free. He was invited to a free dinner—the annual banquet of the N. Y. Chamber of Commerce, to be given May 6. Let the committee box up the third-termers share of the "vittels" and send them to him, expressage paid, and see if he does not go for them like a wood-chopper.

The Lewistown Gazette, radical, calls it "small business" for democratic papers to talk about the $1,76 which Treasurer Mackey swears remain in the state treasury with last winter's expenses unpaid. We would gladly talk about a larger sum, if it were there, but radical rule has cleaned it all out, except a few fips which remained sticking in the cracks, and to pull out which their pilfering finger nails have been worn to the quick, and now we hear that Bro. Frysinger of the Gazette has procured himself a pair of sharp iron tweezers, and with these expects to "go for" the few fips yet sticking in the cracks of the treasury.

It does not seem to us as though the Penn'a. RR. Co. cared a snuff about the Sunbury & Lewistown railroad, which now lies altogether idle. It is asserted that the company aforesaid can transport their freight from Sunbury to Lewistown, cheaper via Marysville than by the Sunbury & Lewistown road—hence it does not want this Snyder county road. A writer in a Harrisburg paper says all a thirty ton engine can take over the Sunbury and Lewistown road is fifteen loaded cars, while the same engine will take eighty loaded cars to Lewistown by way of Marysville. The difference in distance you will see is readily overcome by the difference in the grades of the two roads. Therefore it is cheaper for the Pennsylvania railroad to carry their freight by the latter route, as they not only save in transportation, but are not obliged to keep up a corps of agents, operators and clerks, as they would if they operated the Sunbury and Lewistown road. Upon the completion of the Lewisburg, Centre and Spruce Creek road they will then have a short cut from the Northumberland coal fields to Tyrone, and render the Sunbury and Lewistown road of no value whatever to them.

This is the view we have taken of this difficulty all along—the Penn'a. RR. Co. does not care about the road through Snyder county, and we do not believe it will ever again put rolling stop upon it or operate it upon any conditions, for with the Lewisburg and Centre road it will have a much more direct route from Sunbury to Tyrone and the bituminous coal fields of Centre and Clearfield counties. Upon this fact we have based our strongest hopes of the completion of our own road, although it has been going forward at a slow pace. Our road, completed, will be the doom of the now abandoned Sunbury & Lewistown road, as it will not pay the great corporation to run both, and ours will afford them greater advantages.

To prevent the numerous accidents to which railroad trains are liable from one car jumping the track, it is proposed to apply to cars a kind of shoe, consisting of a clamp-like arrangement which is affixed between the wheels of each truck. This runs about two inches above the rail, and if anything happens to throw the wheels from the track, the clamp at once grasps the rails, holds the car on the track, and brings the train to a speedy halt. Such a shoe will, it is claimed, prove a great saving of railroad rolling stock, and will add one-third to the strength of the truck, it being constructed of iron and weighing about five hundred pounds. It is found, by experiments made with cars provided with this device, that the arrangement insures perfect security against the class of accidents it is designed to meet; and it is also estimated that, on account of the additional strength which such an attachment must necessarily supply, a car must last twice as long, on an average, with as without it.

The Times says: Brother Bowen is still going about with that chip on his shoulder. He informed a reporter on Tuesday night that he had not been subpœnaed, and did not know whether he would be, but that if ever he got on that witness-stand he would tell all he knew, and what he didn't know about it was of no account. His information, however, which he describes as "very serious," was communicated to him "in the confidential relations which these two men formerly held" with him, and he cannot and will not disclose it except through process of law, or "unless forced to do it to relieve himself of some stigma which may be put upon him." This last remark appears to indicate a possibility of our getting down into the recesses of Brother Bowen's mind eventually, for in the general interchange of abuse that is going on it is scarcely likely that he can escape without a "stigma" of some kind. But meanwhile the truly good man remains dumb. It appears from the interview that the plaintiff's lawyers have spoken to him, but as he would not tell them in advance what he would testify, they have hesitated to call him, and the other side has not wanted him at all; and having given this information, Brother Bowen went on to lament, in a most heartrending way, the "tremendous lying" there has been in the court-room. "I can't indicate, of course, which side it is on, but I do not hesitate to say that there has been the most awful, downright perjury." Well, we all knew that; but it seems that Bowen is the only man who can tell us the one thing we want to know, which side has done the lying. There is no reason why he should volunteer a statement, but there is every reason why the party in the suit that is not afraid of the truth, if there be such a party, should put him on the stand without more delay. Call Henry C. Bowen.

By the fire at Oshkosh, Wis., 500 dwellings were destroyed, causing a loss of $2,500,000. The insurance on the destroyed property amounts to $1,000,000.

During the year 1874 there were shipped from the Pennsylvania petroleum producing counties 7,374,390 barrels of petroleum being an average of 20,203 barrels per day.

Gen. M'Candless, Commissioner of Internal Affairs, has tendered a clerkship in that department, to Maj. Harry Forster of Bellefonte. This is a good and well-merited appointment, and the Major will do credit to Centre county while in the discharge of his duties at Harrisburg, whither he will betake himself in a short time. This appointment will be pleasing news to Maj. Forster's numerous friends, and to the citizens of this county in general where he is held in high esteem. Maj Forster is a firm democrat, and rendered gallant service in the late war, and for the last two years has been the efficient clerk to the Co. Commissioners. We heartily congratulate him upon his appointment, and have to express our regret at even a temporary absence from our county.

Things are just now getting a little to hot for some of the ringsters in Philadelphia. The committee investigating the alleged frauds by the Board of Managers of the House of Correction held a meeting recently, and Mr. Barlow, the member making the charges, was examined at length. He testified that members of the board, contrary to law, had purchased goods for the house through members of their own firms. These bills were rendered in large amounts, and many of the articles furnished were of inferior grade. President Franciscus had furnished all the house furnishing goods, and had also at one time supplied 1,100 pounds of butter, although the inmates are not allowed any of this article. The Secretary of the board substantiated these charges under oath.

The suspicion that a gigantic land grabbing job was at the bottom of the illegal invasion of the Black Hills country by General Custer's command gains force from the fact that the President has appointed a special commissioner to negotiate with the chiefs of the Sioux nation in regard to selling their claim to the coveted reservation. The further fact that the commissioner selected for this duty is an Indian trader, who is a son of the senior member of the old Galena firm of Collins & Grant, tanners, will also carry with it a peculiar significance to those who are familiar with the interior workings of the various rings which are in intimate communication with the white house.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A quarterly statement of the mercantile failures in this country, embracing January, February and March, records 1,733 failures in those months, and the aggregate liabilities are set down at $38,873,222. According to an estimate made by dividing the whole number of failures in 1872, 1873 and 1874 by four, the first quarter of these years showed the annexed number of failures: In 1872 the number was 1,017; in 1873 there was an advance to 1,295, and a still further advance in 1874 to 1,457. The liabilities for these periods were as follows: First quarter of 1872 is given at $30,264,000; then came an increase in the same months of 1873, and the amount reached $57,124,000; the first quarter of 1874 showed a decrease, and the liabilities fell to $38, 809,000. The liabilities of the whole year of 1872 are set down at $121,056,000; those of 1873 at $228,449,000, and those of 1874 at $155,239,000. If the remaining quarters of this year keep pace with January, February and March, the total will be $155,492,888. This is a slight increase over that of last year. The liabilities of the corresponding months of 1874 and 1875 are nearly equal in amount. In New York State during the first quarter of this year there were 152 failures and the liabilities are reported at $2,694,562. In New York city there were 197 failures and the debts are reported at $8,490,500. In State and city, 349 failures, liabilities, $11,185,062. In Pennsylvania 155 failures occurred and the aggregate liabilities are $4,927,606. Philadelphia is included in this count. Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Maine are lumped, and 113 failures and $5,514,000 liabilities recorded from the beginning of the year until the end of March. In the whole Southern States there were 312 failures, and the added liabilities are $5,184,567. This is not a bad exhibit in a section whose trade and industries are trodden down at present, and have been for years, by circumstances of a peculiar character. Another noticeable feature of the bankrupt return of the first quarter of 1875 is that the amount of liabilities shows little increase above the average of the same period of the last four years. The circular from which the above facts were taken, in commenting upon the subject of business failures in 1875, says: "Considering the continued depression in numerous interests, the exceeding severity of the winter and the lateness of the spring, the conclusion is truly encouraging. It was to be expected that numerous wrecks from the panic of 1873 would be discovered long after the storm had passed, and probably not a few of the above failures can thus be characterized." In this city and State the business community have weathered the storm in a truly commendable manner. The number of failures are not excessive, when all the facts are considered; nor are the liabilities greater than might reasonably be expected. To the general disturbed and unhealthy state of affairs in Pennsylvania must be added the strikes in certain sections, which have produced most unfortunate results. Men could not use capital in particular branches of business, and millions of dollars produced no returns. These facts pulled down men and firms which, but for this unfortunate train of circumstances, would have been prosperous in all their business relations. But the country is emerging from under the cloud which has so long cast a shadow upon its business and financial prospects, and we may confidently hope that each coming quarter will show a decrease both in the number of failures and the amount of the aggregated liabilities.

Committees of the Miners' and Laborers' benevolent association have arrived in Philadelphia for the purpose of soliciting pecuniary aid for the labor unions and citizens generally to protect them in their strikes at the coal mines. The committee consists of Messrs. Hugh, M'Geary and Reese Waters, on behalf of the Lehigh region, and George Shade, John Dewey, James Daltry and William Probart on behalf of Schuylkill county. They have established their headquarters at No. 209 Race street.

Miss Ida Greeley, oldest daughter of the late Horace Greeley, was married this morning, May 2, in New York, to Col. Smith, of Kentucky, and sail at noon for Europe. Cardinal McCloskey performed the marriage ceremony. The Cardinal has had a run of marriages, having joined Mr. de Rinos and Miss Murphy on Wednesday and General Badeau and Miss Niles on Thursday, and Colonel Smith and Miss Greeley put in an appearance to-day.

Forty-one bodies have been taken from the mine at North Staffordshire, England, killed by the explosion. Most of them leave large families.

Georgetown, April 29.—The negro preacher wife murderer was captured this morning in the attic of the negro church here. He had been concealed there since the murder and heard the funeral sermon on his murdered wife.

SCHURZ'S SPEECH.

HE DEFINES HIS POSITION, AND TELLS WHY HE COULD NOT ACT LONGER WITH THE RADICAL LEADERS.

On Tuesday evening Hon. Carl Schurz was tendered a complimentary dinner in New York on the eve of his departure upon a trip to Europe. During its delivery he took occasion to define his political position and give the reasons why it became necessary for him to cut loose from the Radical element of his party, from which we make the following extracts. After dwelling upon the political situation up to and at the time of the close of the war, Mr. Schurz says:

It was necessary to return to sound principles of constitutional government, which, under the pressure of war necessities, and also without them, had frequently been lost sight of and the disregard of which was growing into a habit most damaging to free institutions and to the peace of the country. It was necessary to repress the spirit of rapacity, peculation, and corruption which, stimulated by the opportunities of the war, threatened to poison all the channels of power. It was more than ever necessary to reform our civil service, which, far from being the best in the world, was the source of abuses, absurdities and scandals unknown in other civilized countries, and which, with the growth of the government machinery, was becoming more and more dangerous to our institutions, and demoralizing to our political life. And finally, it was imperatively necessary to restore to the country a sound currency, and to lighten the burdens weighing upon the people, and promote the general prosperity of the country by a just and rational system of revenue. That these necessities existed, nobody will deny. In fact, they were so obvious and pressing as to suggest themselves irresistibly to the mind of every patriotic man. I fondly hoped that the Republican party, embodying so large a share of the intelligence and patriotism of the country would take these problems resolutely in hand, and with honest boldness advance to their solution.

But you need not be told that, in spite of fair professions and promises, every one of those problems is an unsolved and formidable problem to-day, and that in some respects we have had to deplore even retrograde movements of an alarming character. I thought then, and I think now, that the old stock of the Republican party, and probably a large majority of the rank and file, were, and are to-day, sincerely and heartily in favor of the policy of reform I have indicated, but that they found themselves entangled in the network of an organization, controlled and handled by a class of politicians who considered the advantages of power more important than the good of the country, and that thus the Republican organization ceased to be the organ of the best and most patriotic instincts and impulses of the masses of the party. Under such circumstances a public man has to face the question whether he will become the tool of power or stand up for the best interests of the people as he understands them. When that question arose I, with other men, whose names are never mentioned without respect, made my choice, not lightly and hartily, but resolutely, and actuated by motives which I have no reason to be ashamed of. We knew well that such a choice might involve the throwing off of the discipline of the party and serious disagreements with old and valued friends. That is no pleasant thing, and how bitter it may become only those know who have gone through the trial. But we had to go through it believing, as we did, that parties are made for the benefit of the country, and not the country for the benefit of parties. And so we stand before the country now with the same principles and programme of policy, and I am honestly convinced that those principles and that programme have the approval of a large majority of Republicans to-day, and of the best elements of the Democracy also.

* * * But the more administering rebukes is not the principal end for which the right of voting was instituted. The mass of independent voters can in my opinion put their power to better use. The independent voters are no mere adventurers, bargaining their votes for spoils of office. They are in the main citizens who want to serve their country according to their best convictions of duty, and are ready, if needful, to sacrifice their party allegiance, forever dear to them, to that duty; citizens who have learned from bitter experience that professions and promises in platforms are idle wind, unless men are intrusted with the performance whose known principles and established character give a full guarantee that they, too, can resist partisan interest for patriotic duty. I am convinced that the mass of independent voters animated by such impulse are to-day strong enough to give the victory to either party which they may deem deserving of it and on whose side they may unite. The independent vote is not only too salutary but also too great a power in this country to fritter its influence away on a mere negative task. It seems to me not only possible for that power, but its duty, to prepare for more positive work, and that duty such men owe to themselves and those who come after them. I would not at this moment venture to advise a definite policy in detail, to be followed with regard to the coming Presidential election. For that I believe it is too early yet. But it does seem advisable to me that the independent men of the country, in view of the influence they will be called upon to exert, should take such initiatory steps as will enable them to come to an understanding among themselves, be it by the organization of committees, or such other measures as the skill of organizers may suggest, so that when the time arrives they may be well prepared to act with united power upon the existing parties by their moral pressure or, if necessary, without them.

CONDITION OF THE SOUTH.

RESULT OF JUDGE KELLEY'S PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS.

Washington, April 30.—Mr. Wm. D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, the well-known Radical member who left here shortly after the adjournment of Congress for Florida, with a view to recruit his health, returned yesterday, and left this morning for Philadelphia. Although he spent the most of the time he was absent in Florida, the Judge travelled extensively through the States of Georgia, North and South Carolina, and Virginia, keeping, as he says, his eyes and his ears open to ascertain for himself the condition of affairs in the house. Avoiding the Pullman palace cars, while travelling, he mingled freely with the people, black and white, questioning them upon their condition, their wants and their expectations. As a result of his observations and researches, Judge Kelley says that he found every part of the South visited by him extremely depressed. The financial legislation of the last Congress, he says, is driving the South into insolvency, and not until its repeal by a new Congress will there be any recuperation in that section.

Touching the outrage business, Judge Kelley states that the reports which have been received here are not only gross exaggerations, but in many cases deliberate falsehoods. "In all my fourteen years in Congress," said Mr. Kelley, "the only vote I regret having given was that for the Force bill last session." So far as he could ascertain, there was no occasion for such a measure in the South. He conversed with negroes of every grade, and the universal testimony is that where a colored man is industrious, minds his own business, and avoids whiskey, he is not only prosperous, but is rapidly accumulating property. "It was only when I reached the political centres, such as Columbia, S. C., and mingled with the negroes, who have made politics a trade, that I heard complaints against the whites, and in nearly every instance investigation showed the same to be unfounded." "What the South wants," says Mr. Kelley, "is money. As is the case with a large number of people at the North who are out of work and find it difficult to make ends meet, the Southern people feel that there is something wrong, and not knowing exactly what it is they attribute it to the radical rule of the Republican party. Judge Kelley took particular pains to ascertain whether there was any foundation for the stories of a new rebellion in the South. Questioning the negroes and the whites, the concurrent testimony was that such a supposition was an absurdity. The negroes laughed at the idea of their being reduced to slavery again, should the old Southern ex-slaveholders come into power.

IMMIGRATION STATISTICS.

Official returns received at the bureau of statistics shows that the arrival at the port of New York during the quarter ending March 31, 1875, 12,449 immigrants; of whom 8,328 were males and 4,121 females; of the total number, 193 were under fifteen years; fifteen and under forty, 8,756; forty years of age and over, 17,140. The countries of their last residence or citizenship were: England, 3,239; Scotland, 684; Wales, 82; Ireland, 2,086; Germany, 4,069; Austria, 478; Sweden, 54; Norway, 15; Denmark, 74; France, 535, Switzerland, 151; Spain, 67; Portugal, 3; Italy, 370; Holland, 123; Belgium, 39; Russia, 130; Poland, 55; Hungary, 85; Greece, 2; China, 9; Canada, 17; Nova Scotia, Turkey, South America, United States of Columbia, Buenos Ayres, Chili, St. Thomas, Jamaica, Trinidad, Guadaloupe, Bermuda, Guernsey, Holigoland, India, and Persia, 1 each; New Brunswick, 9; Mexico, 2; Panama, 2; Brazil, 4; Peru, 4; Venezuela 3; Cuba, 26; Porto Rico, 3; Sicily, 4; New Zealand, 4. Born at sea, 6. The immigrants represent about thirty-five different trades. There were ten deaths on the voyage.

THE STAND OF THE MINERS.

WHAT THEIR COMMITTEE MEN SAY ABOUT THE LOOKOUT.

American Laborers Taxed to Support Foreign Capitalists—Railroad Monopolies Crushing the Men who Work Under Ground.

Richard Williams and Joseph J. McGinty, of Luzerne, and Jeremiah Curran, James Eccles, and Richard Cray, of Schuylkill, representing the striking miners of Pennsylvania, are in this city to lay their case fairly before the coal consumers, and to enlist the sympathies of the trades unions. They talk fairly and dispassionately, and their cause, as presented by themselves, commands attention.

"We must show to the public," said the chairman, yesterday, "that the miners are not to blame for this strike; are not to blame for the high price of coal. At the first of the year, when we met our employers, they gave us to understand that they did not want us to work at all. They had a large quantity of coal on hand which they wished to sell; and that they might keep up the price of coal, they did not care to mine any more at that time. But they said they would give us work if a reduction of twenty per cent. on the price paid for mining was agreed to. There were about 40,000 miners employed in the anthracite coal mines of Peansylvania. Two-thirds of these protested against the proposed reduction, and a look-out by the employers was the result. The men had been working at starvation prices and they could not accede to the further reduction. "In 1869," continued Mr. Williams, "the rate of mining was 60 cents a ton, and coal sold at Elizabethport and West Hoboken for $5 a ton. Under the effect of the contest which existed between the miners and the employees, in 1871, the price was reduced to 50 cents per ton, coal still selling $5 a ton at Elizabethport."

Railroads the Cause of the Trouble.

Then came this last demand for less wages. When the miners were locked out by the owners of the railroads—for it is the railroad corporations that are at the bottom of all this trouble—the skilled laborers in the anthracite regions were able to earn $485 a year on an average, and the unskilled laborers $380 a year. Should the miners comply with the demand of the corporations, the skilled laborers would be able to earn only $388 a year, and the common men $304. Out of this paltry sum the laborer must support his family and himself.

"Then take into consideration the character of the work he has to do. He is under ground from sunrise on Monday morning until sunset on Saturday. He comes out as black as a negro, and goes back on Monday a little whiter. He is in constant danger. Every eightieth or one hundredth man working in the mines is killed in a year. And yet they want us to work for $1 less a day."

"One great reason," said another of the committee, "for the reduction is that the corporations are determined to break up the unions. The miners' and Laborers' Benevolent Association numbers about 35,000 members, and this organization they are determined to crush, if they can."

"The real reason," said the chairman, "that the reduction is demanded lies in the fact that the railroad and mining corporations, for the most of the mines are owned by railroads, have borrowed and invested in coal lands and other property in the Anthracite region, $100,000,000.

Heavy Interest on Foreign Capital.

"A large part of this money is of British and other foreign capital, on which they are trying to pay 10 per cent. dividends and interest; while the coal mined in the Schuylkill region alone is required to pay annually in dividends and interest about $10,000,000 gold. And so the corporations reduce the wages and increase the price of coal, and are thus trying to make starving miners and the coal consumers of this and other cities support foreign capitalists.

"The miners would not complain if the price of coal corresponded with the wages. Our last rates for wages were on a basis of coal selling at $5 a ton. Fifty cents from the $5 went to the miner. Now coal sells at $7,50 and $9, and the corporations want us to to take thirty cents, or less.

"The miners recently voted to continue their resistance to the demands of the employers, and we now appeal to the country to bear us out in our resolution, and the country is helping us. The Industrial Congress which assembled in Indianapolis on the 13th of April sent us encouraging words and $800, and promised us $3,000."

On Wednesday evening the committee went before the Tailors' Union. Last night they visited the Crispins and the stone cutters. To-night they will see the longshoremen. Their head quarters are at 5 Park place, or they may be seen at 408 Sixteenth street.—[N. Y. Sun, 30 ult.]

THE RECENT STORM.

Many Fishing Boats Capsized.

Detroit, April 30.—A special from Saint Joseph this morning says: Of the eighteen fishing boats out in the gale yesterday three have not returned and are supposed to be lost.

St. Joseph, Michigan, April 30.—Yesterday forenoon, about 11 o'clock, a furious and bewildering wind and rain storm came from the northeast and caught a portion of the fishing fleet about nine vessels. Some were engaged in lifting their nets of the day before, and several were in the act of paying out their nets and sent them scudding off towards the shore with the following result: The Sea Lion, Capt. Springstein, stranded at the Grand Marr; South Wind, Capt. Clanfoot, with four men aboard is undoubtedly lost; General Hooker, Capt. Meyers, on the beach three miles; South Planet, Capt. Genlet, at Brown's pier, Seagull, Capt. Frank Keynank, with three men lost; E. B. Perkins, Capt. F Dalke, with four men lost. As three men were recognized while floundering in the water by a schooner passing at a distance without being able to give any assistance, the fleet having their banks to the northward, had a lively run to get in safe with their effects and had an exceeding small lift.

Other Damage Reported.

Rochester, N. Y., April 30.—During the gale last evening, a barge laden with iron ore, bound from Ontario to Charlotte, was abandoned and is supposed to be lost with four persons.

Creighton Iron works at East Rochester were blown down. Loss $5,000.

Baden, April 30.—A storm passed over this place last night, tearing up trees and doing great damage. The lightning struck one house and it was burned to the ground. The loss is estimated at $1,000, but is covered by insurance. One life is reported to have been lost.

A Schooner Capsized.

San Francisco, April 30.—The Barkentine Marara, thirty-two days from Tahiti, reports the capsizing of the schooner Margaret Crockard, from Tahiti to this port, having on board the officers and crew of the British ship Aireyforce wrecked on the passage from Australia to San Francisco. Sixteen were drowned. The remainder with Captain Godfrey, of the Crockard, and Captain Collier, of the Aireyforce, arrived at Tahiti.

THE SPELLING MATCH.

[Detroit Free Press.]

The other evening old Mr. and Mrs. Coffin who live on Brush street, sat at their cozy back parlor, he reading his paper and she knitting, and the family cat stretched out under the stove and sighed and felt sorry for cats not so well fixed. It was a happy, contented household, and there was love in his heart as Mr. Coffin put down his newspaper and remarked:

"I see that the whole country is becoming excited about spelling-schools."

"Well, its good to know how to spell," replied the wife. "I didn't have the chance some girls had, but I pride myself that I can spell almost any word that comes along."

"I'll see about that," he laughed; "come, now, spell 'buggy.'"

"Humph! that's nothing—b-u-g-g-y, buggy," she replied.

"Missed the first time—ha! ha!" he roared, slapping his leg.

"Not much, that was right."

"It was, eh? Well, I'd like to see anybody get two g's in buggy, I would."

"But it is spelled with two g's and any school-boy will tell you so," he persisted.

"Well, I know a darn sight better than that!" he exclaimed, striking the table with his fist.

"I don't care what you know!" she squeaked; "I know that there are two g's in 'buggy!'"

"Do you mean to tell me that I've forgotten how to spell?" he asked.

"It looks that way."

"It does, eh? Well, I want you and your relations to understand that I know more about spelling than the whole caboodle strung on a wire!"

"And I want you to understand, Jonathan Coffin, that you are an ignorant old blockhead, when you don't put 2 g's in the word buggy—yes, you are!"

"Dont talk that way to me!" he warned.

"And don't shake your fist at me!" she replied.

"Who's a-shaking his fist?"

"You were!"

"That's a lie—an infernal lie!"

"Don't call call me a liar, you old bazaar! I've put up with your meanness for forty years past, but don't call me a liar, and don't lay a hand on me!"

"Do you want a divorce!" he shouted, springing up; you can go now, this minute!"

"Don't spit in my face—don't you dare do it or I'll make a dead man of you!" she warned.

"I haven't spit in your freckled old visage yet, but I may if you provoke me further!"

"Who's got a freckeled face, you old turkey-buzzard!"

That was a little too much. He made a motion as if he would strike, and she seized him by the neck-tie. Then he reached out and grabbed her right ear and tried to lift her off her feet, but she twisted up on the neck-tie until his tongue ran out.

"Let go of me, you old fiend!" she screamed.

"Get down on your knees and beg my pardon, you old wild-cat he replied.

They surged and swayed and struggled, and the peaceful cat was struck by the overturning table and had her back broken, while the clock fell down and the pictures danced around. The woman finally shut her husband's supply of air off and flopped him, and as she bumped his head up and down on the floor and scattered his gray hairs she shouted:

"You want to get up another spelling-school with me, don't you?"

He was seen limping around the yard yesterday, a stocking pinned around his throat, and she had court plaster on her nose and one finger tied up. He wore the look of a martyr, while she had the bearing of a victor, and from this time out 'buggy' will be spelled with two g's in that house.

A correspondent of the Albany Argus makes the following suggestion, which, if practiced, will not detract from the fun, while it adds to the fairness of spelling matches:

The average spelling match gives hardly a fair test of the authographical ability of those engaged in such wordy contests. A good speller might get his quietous on the first word put to him, while he was able to spell every other word on the list. Therefore it is unjust to give the prizes to those who are so fortunate as to be correct in the few words which happen to fall on them. A better method than the old one is, to let each competitor write down the whole list simultaneously as it is given out, sign the paper and hand it to the committee. This being done, sides may be chosen in the usual ways and the fun of the thing will not be interfered with, while the object of the trial will be fairly accomplished. The first prize should be given to the person spelling the largest number correctly, and the second to the individual who spells all down. This is the only fair way, and if our spelling match is to be a success it will be adopted. A public announcement of such a course would draw out a large number of spellers.

A fire in Richmond, Va., yesterday caused damage to the extent of $37,000.

The Venezuelan Government has closed the ports of Maracaibo and La Vela del Coro.

John E George, a well-known citizen of Lebanon, Pa., committed suicide yesterday.

A new five-dollar counterfeit note of the First National Bank of Paxton, Ill., is in circulation.

Reports from four hundred towns in the Northwest show that the cold weather has greatly damaged the crops.

The Spanish government, by royal decree, has prohibited the importation of American potatoes into Spain.

Russia and Austria endorse Germany's proposal for a conference of the European powers on the Belgian question.

Frederick Klenman, the Hobpken Savings Bank defaulter, was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment on ten indictments.

A party of riotous miners on Thursday night attached the house of a farmer near Sandy Run, Luzerne county, and in the melee which followed one of the rioters was killed.

GROWING UP IN CHRIST.

Rev. Dr. Joseph Wild preached his first sermon as pastor of the Union Congregational Church, in Brooklyn. Dr. Wild for the last three years has been the pastor of the Seventh Avenue Methodist Church, and for nearly twenty years has been preacher of the Methodist doctrines; the change on his part, therefore, was not merely a change of flocks, but a change of denominations as well.

At the close of the regular morning services, Dr. Wild announced as his theme, "Growing up in Christ," his text being:

"But speaking the truth in love, may grow up into Him in all things, which is the head, even Christ."—Ephesians iv. 15.

The doctrines of the Bible and the influences of Christianity, the speaker said, seem to be in harmony with man's best and real interests. It surely does not add to our dignity to account ourselves perishable as the beast. Faith, in the immortality of our being, lends a charm to life, it gives inspiration to thought, strength for labor, and gladness to experience. It is not sweet to believe that the whole of this life is but preparatory to the solemn yet joyous, realities of that which is to come; that it is but the beginning of a never ending career, which is as sacred as it is enduring, as majestic as it is inviting, and as inviting, and as glorious as it is mysterious; and the gospel with its rich and ample provisions invites man on to a sublime glorious future; for in spirit and intent the gospel is well suited to develop the latent forces of the soul, and strengthen every faculty of the human mind. The Sacred Scriptures speak not to us of that which is fanciful, fashionable, or false, but of those which are real, truthful, and lasting as God Himself. They open not alone the door of time, pledge not only the few fleeting years of this earth life, but they introduce us to a nobler life and an eternal day, in which the soul may continue to unfold its exhaustless powers, passing on eternally from system to system, from cycle to cycle, in the noon-tide splendor of a never-fading day. They tell us of a day without sorrow, and without night, a life without sorrow, and a kingdom without an end. Who among us can believe in the destiny of man, the immortality of his own being, and not be moved to solemn and careful thought? It is necessary and important that we have correct and distinct views of life, its purposes, duration, and realities, for man is imperial and great if time perpetual be his legal and natural heritage. It is impossible to conceive of any influence so salutary as that which comes from a firm persuasion in the doctrine of immortality. With such a faith, friendship is doubly dear; and the reason for being good, getting good, and doing good, precious beyond estimate; with such a faith, labor is a privilege, sacrifice a pleasure, and death a mere shadowy change. Each stage or period of life feels the influence and gracious attraction of that which is before. The youth longs for manhood, manhood in time for quiet, and old age for heaven and eternal life. The doctrine of the text is individual and collective growth in Christ; to be always approaching nearer and nearer to God—to become more and like Him—to be complete and completing forever. This doctrine is beautifully compared to the opening day and the path of the sun, which does not leap from the thick darkness of the morning to the zenith of its glory, but "shineth more and more to the perfect day;" and the setting sun beautifully typifies the Christian's death, with its golden sheen thrown back upon the thickening night, gilding the gloomy clouds of evening. But the sun has a boundless and ever-inviting day before it, and as the night of time closes in upon the Christian, the day of eternity dawns bright and beautifully before him. Christians grow up in Christ as children grow up in their parents. Christ looks upon us with loving approval when we grow up in Jesus, our living head—reflecting His image, possessing His spirit, and imitating his life and works. Real and permanent growth is preceded by, and always implies a formation work, the conception of the truth and its reception into the mind, just as we must plant the wheat ere we can hope for a harvest. The text implies individual growth; that we must perfect the unit, just as we perfect each note of the organ; and then, when we come to blend them all together, if they are attuned to Christ as the key-note, we shall have harmony of action and work—pastor and people being in unison, and working in unison, and then will the reward be glorious. We must "speak the truth in love." Truth sanctioned by love is all-powerful, just as a good dinner, properly served, is more enjoyable than if improperly served, or a drink of water tastes better from a glass tumbler than from a wooden bowl. Truth will impart sincerity, and that will impress others. Christ is the head—the true head. We can accept no other, King nor Pope. The grand design of the gospel is through the agencies of truth properly used, to produce the perfect man—to find the human maximum.

The Doctor closed his discourse with an invocation of the Divine blessing upon them all—pastor and people—in their new relation, and that it might result to the glory of God and the good of souls, and the congregation was dismissed with the benediction.

Six clerks in the Postoffice Department at Washington have been discharged for being concerned in the contract frauds, and it is understood that a number more are implicated.

In the Beecher trial, the examination of Mr. H. M. Cleveland was concluded. He testified that the condition of his health at the present time renders his memory very defective.

At a meeting of the Executive Board of the M. & L. B. A., held at Pottsville, a resolution was passed declaring that the delegates desire it distinctly understood that they have authorized no person nor persons to make any compromise for them in reference to wages, and have no present instructions to do so.

The steamboat John Kyle was burned at New Orleans.

A fire in Jersey City last night destroyed property to the value of $100,000.

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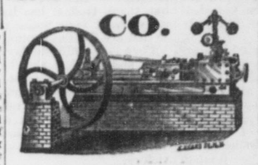

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

THURSDAY MAY 6, 1875.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us items of local news in their locality, give us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of six new subscribers, with the cash, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by nearly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

☞Subscribers to the Reporter, residing outside of Centre county, should remit us 15 cents, yearly, for postage which we will pay here; this reduces the postage to one half, as the sum paid by them for one year's postage was 20 cts.

——Examine our terms and the date on your subscription.

——Stitzer & Magee is the name of the next new law-firm.

——J. S. Beck, of Clinton county has rented Centre Mills, in Miles twp., of J. F. Throne.

——Next fall the citizens of this county will have three Co. Commissioners to elect.

——Let the newly licensed landlords and saloon keepers remember that our county jail is now empty and that Sheriff Shaffer has lots of room.

——We all need leather—at least sole leather—and a large stock of No. 1 prime Buenos Ayres sole leather at the low figure of 30c per lb., and an article that cannot be excelled. Also French and domestic calf skins, and every thing in the shoemaking line. Graham & Co., are found in Beckerhoff's block.

——It is rumored that the Johnstown Iron Company will purchase Pennsylvania Furnace. The Furnace was badly crippled by the panic. The ore found on Joseph Waite's farm, near this place, is highly valued by the Johnstown Co. for making Bessemer steel.

——Jacob Mowry, the oldest of the five original settlers of Shamokin, died recently at an advanced age. He was the father of nineteen children, twelve of whom are living; his grand children numbered sixty-four, fifty-seven of whom are living; five great-grand children, three of whom are living.

——Wonderful! Wonderful! what a fuss M'Entire has created at Potter's Mills, with his new store and cheap goods. Every one goes there, buys there, and dreams about it. Its a fact. He boasts of selling cheaper than any other store.

——The Williamsport Gazette & Bulletin wonders why that city does not have a cheese factory. Because the smell of such an institution is supplied in the Gazette.

——Washington Iron Works have been leased by Jacob Yearick of Nittany for two years from the first of May. He has taken immediate possession, having taken charge on Monday. The works will perhaps be stopped a little to stock up, which will not take long, and then it is said they will resume briskly. The lease includes all the stock and fixtures held by the old company, and some 7,500 acres of land.

——The tannery of Jacob Moyer, in the Loop, was blown down by the fierce wind on last Friday morning. Damage several hundred dollars.

——The dwelling of Mr. Schlegel, of Madisonburg, was destroyed by fire on Thursday noon of last week. None of the contents were saved, and the loss amounts to $1200. No insurance.

——D. H. Hastings, esq., last week was admitted to the bar of this county. Mr. Hastings will no doubt rise in the profession to which he has just been admitted, as he is both a gentleman and scholar. Success to him.

—— On Thursday evening, last 29 ult., we had the first thunder gust of the season and a right brisk one at that. The lightning was quite vivid and the thunder roared in a creditable manner, accompanied by a torrent of rain.

——May did not start in like a lamb but came roaring as if all the furies were let loose. The first three days of the month were very stormy and cool, and the morning of the 2 we had thick snow squalls. If old winter does not soon haste away, he will get his frosty hair singed by the July sun. So now get out and be gone, we will use fans and lemonade with a fly in if we need anything to cool us this time of the year.

——The north side of Mr. John Bitner's barn, about 2 miles above this place, was unroofed by the storm on last Sunday. The roof was a new one.

——Mrs. M'Entire at Potter's Mills, has opened a new Millinery at that place, and is now stocked with the latest styles. Ladies see her Card.

——A large and fresh assortment of garden and flower seeds, and of last season's production, just received at the cheap Grocery of Sechler & Co. These seeds come from the celebrated seed farm of D. M. Ferry & Co., near Detroit, one of the largest and most successful establishments of the kind in the United States. The seeds from this firm never fail, a fact which has given them a reputation in Europe. Mr. Sechler having been anxious to supply a want in this line, has the satisfaction to announce, that he has succeeded after much pains and inquiry. This is important for every housekeeper who has a kitchen garden. Go to Sechler & Co., then, for your seeds.

——On last Tuesday afternoon a three story frame building, belonging to Alexander Brothers, at Unionville, was destroyed by fire. The first story was occupied as a store by Leathers & Buck who saved the greater part of their stock. The property was insured.

——Deschner is a naughty fellow he keeps a 2½ lb. "bat" (brick-bat) on exhibition in his gun-shop, to draw greenies to see the bird. Joe Furey, the Tutens, Judge Love, and a hundred others have gone to see the varmint and then be food to grin at. We shut our eyes when we "looked" at it, hence we were not fooled. Barnum's agent was drawn, and a little before said he would buy the curiosity but don't want it now, as they are a stupid bird that harbor in all chimneys and sometimes in a fellows hat.

——Onion setts at Sechler & Co's Grocery.

——MODOCS AGAIN HEARD FROM.—Three of our Boalsburg Modocs, viz: "Swiftfoot," "Fancy" and "Alex" were in the mountains last week fishing and came across three cubs, one on the ground and the other two on a tree. The men were unarmed, except a hatchet or two, but nerved themselves for a desperate encounter which they expected on the return of the old bear; but nothing daunted "Swiftfoot" concluded to climb the tree for the two cubs; they succeeded, however in capturing all three, and arrived safely in return with their trophies and now consider themselves heroes. The bears are now in the Zoological Garden at this place, doing well. Barnum has not sent for them yet but the Modocs are expecting an order for their animals soon.

J. C. B.

——On last Wednesday the Centre county jail was cleared of its inmates—Sheriff Shaffer having allowed his boarders to take their departure and seek for new pastures green. Our jail is now empty—long may it remain so.

Auction! Auction!

At the store of S. S. Wolf, dec'd, every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY AFTERNOON and every evening until the entire stock is sold. Come one and all. A fine assortment of all kinds of goods on hand.

——STORE FOR SALE.—The store of S. S. Wolf, dec'd, in Centre Hall, is offered for sale on very reasonable terms. The stand is one of the best in the valley, and offers an excellent opportunity to any parties wishing to go into business.

PETER HOFFER,
Feb 4. MRS. C. E. WOLF, Adm'rs.

Election of Co. Sup't.

The directors of this county met in the court-house on last Tuesday afternoon, and organized as follows:

President: Dr. Harris, of Bellefonte.

Secretaries: J. W. Mattern and Maj. S. Frank.

The roll of directors having been called 127 answered to their names, the full number in the county being 180.

On motion, the convention proceeded to fix the salary, the vote resulting as follows.

For $1200	.....	43 votes
" 1000	.....	81 "
" 800	.....	1 "

carrying in favor of $1.000—the salary heretofore was $1200.

The vote for Superintendent resulted as follows: Prof. Meyer 82, Prof. Heinle 45. Prof Magee's name was also proposed, but he declined.

A majority of directors expressed themselves in favor of holding the next session of the Normal at Millesburg.

A resolution was passed thanking Prof. Magee for the zeal and devotion he displayed in the discharge of his duties as Co. Sup't.

P. T. BARNUM'S GREAT TRAVELING WORLD'S FAIR AT BELLEFONTE

As the mountain will not go to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain; or to modernize, apropos to the times, as P. T. Barnum's Great Traveling World's Fair cannot come to us, those of us who wish to see it—and who does not? will have to go to Bellefonte, where it is advertised in our columns to exhibit on Monday, May 17. That those who indulge in the holiday trip will be amply repaid, and in fact realize several hundred per cent., in the way of wonder and fun from the investment does not admit of the shadow of a doubt, for no one dreams of disputing the assertion that the extraordinary combination of exhibitions referred to constitutes incomparably the biggest and best show on earth. So much has already been said and admitted regarding its pre eminent superiority, size and unique character that little need be editorially added to insure the largest congregation of people ever known to this section. It presents many times more of everything worth seeing than was ever before collected in a traveling exhibition, and as it is no wonder that with its innumerable features of instruction and amusement, and its host of such superb menagerie celebrities as Martin Lawlande, the marvelous Brazilian one, four and seven horse bareback rider; Mme. Elisa Dockrill, the more than beautiful incarnation of the Amazonian fable; Tony the child hero; Nathalie, the veritable athlete; the Leslie Brothers, champion gymnasts of America; Lake Rivers, the equestrian Burton; and Wm H. Porter, the silver-tongued "Fool," it everywhere finds its vast accommodations thoroughly tested by countless throngs of eager spectators.

ANOTHER WARNING.

A young man named Joseph Yeater on Tuesday morning of last week was found dead in E. A Fancher's cigar store, in Lock Haven, from the effects of drinking too much whiskey the night before. He and others had spent the evening before drinking, and then laid down to sleep for the night. In the morning he was found dead. The Lock Haven Enterprise says:

After the inquest the body was taken to the residence of Mr. Yeater. The family who had previously been notified of the occurrence, were overwhelmed with grief as the lifeless body of the son and brother was brought into their presence. The agony of the mother was indescribable, as with clasped hands and uplifted eyes she appealed to the God of heaven to give her strength to bear the blow which had fallen upon her. Truly the case was a sad one, to witness that mother as she bewailed the tragical fate of her only son.

"TELL IT ALL."

We have, at last, examined a copy of that most extraordinary work—of which upwards of thirty thousand copies have been sold to the present time, and which has excited so much genuine interest and attention in all sections of the country. We allude to Mrs. T. B. H. Stenhouse's new book, entitled, "TELL IT ALL." It is with great pleasure, that we hail this remarkable work—the genuine history of a real Mormon woman. Two years ago the Author published a little pamphlet on Polygamy, which attracted considerable attention, and created quite a sensation among the Saints. The Mormon papers took up the subject, and alluding derisively to the delicate reticence, so natural to a sensative woman, displayed by the Author, spitefully invited her to "TELL IT ALL." Men and Women of position, in all parts of the country, who had visited her in Salt Lake City, urged her to seize the opportunity, "write a book," and lay the whole truth before the world. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose earnest introduction to this volume is a guarantee of the delicacy, as well as purity of the work, personally added her persuasions. Mrs. Stenhouse ultimately consented, and chose for the title of her new volume, the words of derision used by her Mormon opponents—"TELL IT ALL."

In this way, this singular work was introduced to the world. It is a book utterly unlike any other work on the subject ever penned before. And, although we would not spoil our readers' pleasure by telling Mrs. Stenhouse's fascinating story second-hand, we will state that it is just what it professes to be—the history of a life in Mormonism, written by a lady of education and refinement; who, through the influence of religious symphathy, misdirected, became the victim and slave of one of the most extraordinary superstitions which the world has ever seen. In her own facinating style, she tells all that can be told of that strange system, not as a visitor to Utah might relate it, but with the thrilling eloquence and pathos of one whose whole life has been darkened by its shadow. The book possesses all the vivacity and thrilling interest of the finest works of fiction. The binding is elegant and substantial; the illustrations, on wood and steel, are costly, and finely executed; and altogether it is one of those subscription books, which one so rarely meets, which gives the purchaser full value for his money.

This work will be sold only to those who order of the Agent, who will soon introduce it to our citizens. We bespeak for it a most cordial reception—for it is worthy of it. H. C. Jourgson, Publisher, 7th & Arch Street, Philadelphia.

NOW IS THE TIME.—It is always the right time to do a good act, and every man with a family should regard himself short of his duty until his home is endowed with a Wilson Shuttle Sewing Machine. Let it be understood that this admirable machine received the Centennial medal and Diploma of Honor, at the Vienna Exposition in 1873, and has everywhere demonstrated its superiority over all other machines. Machines will be delivered at any Railroad Station in this county, free of transportation charges, if ordered through the Company's Branch House at 22? and 229 Broadway, New York.

They send an elegant catalogue and chromo circular, free on application.

This Company want a few good agents.

GYPSON CHAMPION WASHER.

This celebrated washing machine is finding rapid sale wherever it has been introduced, as it has proven itself the best machine yet invented. It works easily, does its work thoroughly and well, and in so short a time as to commend itself to every housekeeper. We offer $20 reward for any conscientious woman who will testify that this machine will not work in a satisfactory manner.

The following citizens, of this county, having purchased this machine, will testify to its superior merits:

Dan'l Tresher,	Jno. Ross,
Geo. Huss,	Jerry Tresher,
Rev. Groh,	Dr. Woods,
Mr. Carvin,	Wm. McFarlane,
Andrew Korman,	Wm. Shoop,
Dan'l Keller,	Isaac Strunk,
Sam'l Crotzer,	Henry Witmer,
David Shearer,	Wm. Rodgers,
Jacob Bitner,	Philip Shook,
John Long,	Noah Stover,
Dr. Hillbush,	Dan'l Shafer,
Andrew Ocker,	Ruben Grine,
Franklin Miller,	S. Gramley,
J. Bachane,	Geo. Boyer,
Chas. Bearly,	Jno. Hosterman,
Jacob Royer,	Isreal Weber,
Jacob Treasler,	Michael Stroihm,
Col. Neff,	H. C. Beamer,
D. Bouse,	Sam'l Musser,
Sam'l Lambert,	Israel Vanada,
John Limbert,	Geo. Shraid,
Frank Weber,	Philip Stover,
Samuel Motz,	Jon. Crape,
Geo. Brumgard,	Jas. Frank,
Mrs. Miller,	Dan'l Wolf,
Lott Stover,	J. Larrimer,
Jno. Musser,	J. Fortney
Wm. Lohr,	Adam Heartswick
Owen Frane,	Mr. Fury,
Fred Ehrhart,	Adam Vanada.

JAMES P. KRIES, Prop'r.
Milroy, Pa.

GREAT FIRE AT OSHKOSH.

Terrible Destruction of Property.

Oshkosh, Wis., April 28—9 P. M.—A terrible fire has been raging all the afternoon. All the newspaper offices, banks, telegraph offices, the Harding Opera House, Postoffice, Universalist Church, all the hotels but one and nearly all the business portion of the city are gone. Utterly impossible to estimate the loss. Two men have been killed by fallen walls. The city is in the wildest state of frenzy. The burnt district is nearly a mile square.

"Out in the Streets"—Hundreds of People Homeless.

Oshkosh, Wis., April 28.—The fire broke out in Morgan & Bros. saw mill, burning that and a dozen other saw and shingle mills on Sawdust avenue, and millions of feet of lumber, a hundred houses, all the printing offices, Harding's Opera House and Beckwith & Adams' hotel. The burnt district is one and a half miles long and half a mile wide. Three lives are reported to be lost, and hundreds of persons are homeless. Nearly all of the business houses are burned, including all the banks, and on the north side there is not a dry goods store standing. It is impossible to give the losses to-night. The city is in the hands of a mob, and extra police are on duty.

The telegraph offices here were burnt out early, but temporary offices have since been established. One insurance company—the Northwestern, of Milwaukee—loses $30,000 by the fire.—Loss about $750,000.

THE FIRE AT OSHKOSH.

Chicago, April 30.—A special despatch to the Inter-Ocean from Oshkosh says: There is no possible way of arriving at the loss to insurance companies by the Oshkosh fire, since all the agencies but one have been burned out and the books are in confusion, while the books of one agency are burned. The insurance with this last named agency, Garry & Harmon's, is estimated at $500,000. The fire is thought to be greater than was at first reported, and is now put at $2 500,000.

It is estimated in general terms that the insurance is 50 per cent. of the loss. 300 families are burned out, and relief is much needed. The city council has appropriated $2,000 for their immediate wants. There is no discouragement among business men and the feeling is strong that rebuilding must commence at once. Several hours' rain to-day failed to extinguish the fire, which is still burning among the debris. A despatch from Fond du Lac to the Times says a "deep pall hangs over the city; five times since its foundation has conflagration visited it, but the present calamity is the most crushing of all. This is the third time within a year that fire has desolated it."

This fire took most of the fine residences and homes. The citizens seem utterly helpless and walk the streets with sad faces. The ruins are still smouldering, and when the former owners are asked what they will do, they reply that they cannot tell at present. The offices of the telegraph companies are burned, and the facilities for working the lines are very poor. This added to the general confusion and inability of even those who are losers to give particulars, precludes the possibility of an extended report.

The later telegrams from Oshkosh place the loss by fire in that city at $2,500,000. In comparison with population and wealth this rivals Chicago in the fire line.

FEARFUL DESTRUCTION OF HORSES BY BUFFALO GNATS.

Memphis, April 28.—Complaints are pouring in from all surrounding counties of the fearful destruction of horses and mules by Buffalo gnats. Many small planters, especially colored ones are ruined by having their only horses or mules killed and being unable to replace them at a time when they are so badly needed. The Ledger publishes a letter from a planter near Macon, Fayette county, which says not less than two hundred horses and mules have died the past three days within ten miles of this place. "I went down to my farm yesterday, distant eight miles and counted thirty seven dead horses on the way. I have lost four on my farm and my neighbor five, while some planters have lost as high as thirty. It looks like starvation to the people. Without money, some of the farmers will be compelled to turn out part of the crop planted, as they have no money to replace the stock.

OFFICERS RESISTED AND FIRED UPON AND SERIOUSLY WOUNDED.

Wilkesbarre, April 29.—This forenoon Constable Michael Casey went to Plymouth township to levy upon the goods of James Connel, but was resisted and he returned to this city for assistance, and Police Officer Reibsenner went with him. They say that the whole Connel family, comprising ten or dozen men, had congregated together in the house and barricaded it. When the officers approached they were fired upon, Reibsenner received three balls, one in his head and two in his body. Casey was also shot. Reibsenner was brought to this city where he now lies, with no hopes of recovery. The constable is in Plymouth yet and in a very critical condition. The news created intense excitement in this city. Sheriff Kirdendall at once collected a posse armed with rifles and went to the scene of the shooting. Two of the Connels have been arrested and are now in the city prison. The others at last accounts were surrounded so that they could not escape. The whole family are desperadoes and is feared will fight to the last.

Later Particulars.

Wilkesbarre, April 29.—The sheriff and posse returned at seven o'clock this evening with old man Connel and three more of his sons—Edward, Lawrence and Thomas. The posse numbered about 100 men, all armed with carbines and muskets. They surrounded the house and Sheriff Rhoads and Chief of Police Kelley approached it and demanded the surrender of the Connels. They refused, and the old man, who is between sixty and seventy years of age, threatened to shoot any person who approached with hostile intent, and declared that he would die before he would be arrested.

Three men were then placed at a rear window to cover the Connel's while an attempt was made to break in the front door which was heavily barricaded. Several volleys were fired from the inside while this was taking place but no one was hit. Everything being in readiness William Hopkins battered down the door and a portion of the posse rushed in and overpowered the Connel's before any of them had time to fire except the father and his shot did not take effect. They all fought desperately but without avail and were finally handcuffed and brought here, and when the procession entered the city the whole population were on the streets and the excitement was most intense.

Lawrence and Edward who fired the shots from the window which struck officer Reibsenner, were held for that cause, and the others in default of $5,000 bail each, were also sent to prison. Reibsenner is sinking rapidly. Casey will probably recover, although he has four ten buckshot in his body. Over one dozen muskets and rifles, most of them loaded were found in the house of the Connels after their capture.

GRASSHOPPERS KILLED BY THE COLD WEATHER.

St. Paul, April 30.—Despatches from various points say the recent cold weather has killed the young grashoppers. The general belief is expressed that there will be no further trouble from this pest.

Berlin, April 23.—The police authorities of Posen have notified all the Ursuline Sisters in that district who are not natives of Germany that they must leave the country within two months.

HORRIBLE MURDER.

Memphis, April 29.—The Appeal publishes the particulars of a horrible murder of two colored children, Nettie and Dock Hodges, aged six and eight years, respectively, near Cuba, in this county, some weeks since. The affair was only brought to light yesterday by a negro man finding their bodies on the bank of the bayou, where the receding waters had left them. The bodies were nearly devoured by buzzards, but their skulls were crushed, and showed that the children had been murdered and thrown into the bayou.

It has been ascertained that recently Dave Hodges attempted to hang his wife, but her cries brought assistance and Hodges fled. He then went to see Jack Woldridge, another colored preacher, and it is believed induced him and his wife to kill the children, as they were last seen alive with them. The childrens' disappearance aroused suspicion. Both Hodges and Woldridge fled the country. After the inquest yesterday Woldridge's wife was arrested and held to answer.

Double Murder in Detroit.

Detroit, April 29.—Last evening two colored women, mother and daughter, the former named Elizabeth Thomas, and the latter Harriet Fisher, were found dead in their beds, in a small house in Hastings street. Their bodies were chopped and hacked with an axe almost beyond resemblance of human beings. Suspicion points to John Thomas, husband of the first named victim, a colored barber, aged sixty-two and he has been arrested. The motive for the bloody deed is unknown as yet.

NINE YEARS WITHOUT A WORD.

A Troy Husband's Brutality Toward His Wife—Re-Union in Death's Presence.

The Troy Press tell the following strange story concerning the husband of a lady who died recently in that city.

The lady and gentleman referred to were married about twenty years ago, and came to West Troy shortly after, and lived there together until the death of the wife. The latter was a most industrious, highly respectable and religious woman. For the first ten years of her married life, during which period five children were born, she did everything possible for a woman in her position to do in order to please her husband, but to no purpose. When she did her best her husband was sure to make out that she had done her worst. He grumbled continually, but at times he would break out and pour upon his wife the most unmerited abuse, continuing it for several days together. Then would intervene a silence broken only by his seeing an opportunity to give his wife a beating when nobody was in sight, and when she least expected it. After he had abused her he would bring in the neighbors and say to them that his wife had fallen and hurt herself, poor creature; how sorry he was for it, and he would address her as "My dear," and ask if she was badly hurt and he would run for a doctor. He was so plausible and kind and affectionate that nobody would believe his wife when she told that it was her husband who had caused her the injuries. The neighbors thought her crazy, or at least hysterical, when she made any statements of this kind. For a long time he managed to beat his wife and to conceal it in this way. Indeed it had reached a point, the wife taking those fits so often, that the arrangements were all but completed to send the poor woman to an insane asylum. One day, however, the broken-hearted wife was sitting by the cradle, in which was her youngest child, a baby, rocking it, and attending to some sewing at the same time. Her husband was in one of his silent moods at the time. While she was sitting as described, the husband entered and passed through the house into the yard. He returned within a few minutes, but in the interim a neighboring lady had entered and gone into an adjoining bedroom. This lady observed him walking up quietly behind his wife and, without uttering a word or giving the least warning, doubled his fist and struck her

A Tremendous Blow.

on the back of the head, leaving her sprawling on the floor insensible. This done he at once ran out to bring the neighbors as usual, and affected the greatest concern about his wife wondered how much she was hurt, and finally proposed to go for the Doctor. The lady who had secreted herself in the bedroom accused him of the assault, and when he was gone for the Doctor she went for the police and had him arrested. His wife appeared in court and told the whole story of her husband's cruelty towards her, but, woman-like, begged the court to forgive him. Her request, however, was denied, and the cruel husband had to languish several months in jail. On leaving the dock after receiving sentence he turned to his wife and said that she had wronged him by what she had testified to, but to remember that he would never speak to her again on earth. This scene occurred nine years ago. The man served out his sentence and returned to his family. From the day of his return until two days before her death, which took place recently, he never exchanged a word with her directly. It was necessary, living together as they were, husband and wife, the parents of the same children, to have an interchange of sentiments regarding the affairs of the household occasionally. This was done in the following manner: When they were sitting in the same room the husband would tell one of the children to say so and so to the mother. The mother would answer directly, which if it required a further answer, would be done through the child as before. But it was only when he was in particularly happy moods that he would even communicate in this way. His most usual mode of communicating to his wife what he wanted to say was for him to retire into a separate room, and thence issue his mandates through one of the children. Two days before the wife died, after she had been sick for some weeks, her condition was made known to him, when he was working in the garden, by the docter in attendance and the clergyman who had been called in. He was told that his wife was on the verge of death, and that he must make his peace with her while she was yet conscious. The idea of death seemed to stagger him. He was silent for a moment, and then bursting into tears, repaired to the death-bed of his wife. He bent over her and begged her forgiveness in bitter plaints and tears. The dying woman grasped his hand, and, calling him by name, said she freely forgave him all, and added that she was prepared to die, being at peace with the whole world. A few hours before death the wife said, and they were the last words she was heard to utter, "that the last two days with her husband never away from her bed side but when he left it to serve her, had been the happiest days of her life, and that she only wished they might be the beginning of happy days to her husband."

RAVAGES OF THE BUFFALO GNAT.

Memphis, April 27.—Planters are complaining greatly of an unprecedented destruction of mules, horses and cattle by the Buffalo gnat. It is estimated that within the past ten days $100,000 worth of stock has been killed by them within a radius of a hundred miles, taking this city as the centre of the circle.

THE REIGN OF TERROR ON THE TEXAS BORDER.

Washington, April 27.—A private letter from the Texas frontier to a Government official here confirms the press reports relative to Mexican raids, murdering of men, women and children, burning of houses and the stealing of cattle, and that a reign of terror exists on the border. The raiders claim to be Americans or residents of Texas, and the civil authorities of Western Texas are powerless to resist the raiders, and as yet the Governor has made no effort to help them.

NO. 38. AN ACT.

To punish persons for carrying concealed weapons within this Commonwealth.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted*, &c., That any person within this commonwealth who shall carry any fire-arms, sling shot, hand-billy, dirk-knife, razor or any other deadly weapon, concealed upon his person, with the intent therewith unlawfully and maliciously to do injury to any other person, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon the conviction thereof, shall be sentenced to pay a fine not exceeding five hundred dollars and undergo an imprisonment by separate or solitary confinement not exceeding one year, or either or both, at the discretion of the court, and the jury trying the case may infer such intent as aforesaid, from the fact of the said defendant carrying such weapons in the manner as aforesaid.

APPROVED—The 18th day of March, A. D. 1875.

J. F. HARTRANFT.

No. 27. A SUPPLEMENT.

To an act, approved the first day May one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three, entitled "An Act to amend and consolidate the several acts relating to game and game fish."

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted*, &c., That he first section of said act be amended so as to read as follows, namely: That no person shall kill or pursue, in any part of this state, any elk, or wild deer, save only from the first day of September to the first day of December in any year. No person shall, at any time, kill any fawn when in its spotted coat, or have the fresh skin of such fawn in his or her possession. No person shall pursue any elk or wild deer with dogs, in any part of this state, or shall kill, in the water, any such elk, or wild deer, or fawn, which has been driven thereto by dogs. No person shall, in any part of this state, set any trap, or any other device, at any artificial salt lick, or other place, for the purpose of trapping any elk, deer, or fawn, and catch or kill the same, except for consumption in his or her family; any person offending against any of the provisions of this sect on, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be liable to a penalty of fifty dollars for each elk, wild deer, or fawn, so killed, pursued or trapped, or fresh elk, wild deer, or fawn skin had in his or her possession, and may be proceeded against in any county of the state wherein he may be arrested, having the same in his or her possession: *Provided however*, That any person may sell, or have in his or her possession, the elk or wild deer aforesaid between the first day of December in any year and the first day of February next following, without liability to the penalty herein imposed: *Provided*, He shall prove that such game, if killed in this state, was killed within the time allowed by this act, or was killed outside of the limits of this state and at some place where the law did not prohibit such killing. Dogs pursuing elk, or wild deer, or fawns, may be killed by any person; and any constable, or other town official, may kill any dog that habitually pursues elk, wild deer or fawns, and the owner of such dog shall be liable to a penalty of ten dollars for each elk, wild deer or fawns, killed by such dog: *Provided*, That this act shall be so construed as not to change or alter the act to to which it is a supplement, nor to change or alter any supplement thereto, except only as to the time during which it shall be lawful to kill or pursue any elk, or wild deer, in any way, part of this state.

APPROVED—The 18th day of March, A. D. 1875.

J. F. HARTRANFT.

THE OSHKOSH CALAMITY.

Latest Details of the Disaster—Loss, Two and a Half Million Dollars—Insurance, Over One Million.

Chicago, April 30.—A special dispatch to the Inter-Ocean from Oshkosh says: The total loss by the fire is thought to be greater than was at first reported, and is now put at $2,500,000. It is estimated in general terms that the insurance is 50 per cent. of the loss. About 300 families are burned out, and relief is much needed. The city Council has appropriated $2,000 for their immediate wants. There is no discouragement among business men, and the feeling is strong that rebuilding must commence at once. Several hours' rain to-day failed to extinguish the fire, which is still burning among the debris. A despatch from Fond du Lac to the Times says a "deep pall hangs over the city; five times since its foundation has conflagration visited it, but the present calamity is the most crushing of all. This is the third time within a year that fire has desolated it." This fire took most of the fine residences and homes. The citizens seem utterly hopeless and walk the streets with sad faces. The ruins are still smouldering, and when the former owners are asked what they will do, they reply that they cannot tell at present. The offices of the telegraph companies are burned, and the facilities for working the lines are very poor. This, added to the general confusion and inability of even those who are losers to give particulars, precludes the possibility of an extended report.

A MORE HOPEFUL PROSPECT.

Chicago, April 30.—A special to the Times from Oshkosh says the prospect at that city is already brightning, and the probabilities are that before winter the majority of the business blocks will be rebuilt. Sixty nine business structures were destroyed, and about half of these will be rebuilt immediately. The police to-day made a careful count, and found that, large and small, the sum total of the dwellings destroyed is about five hundred. These are valued at an average of $2,500 each, which gives an aggregate loss of $1,250,00, which is probably near the correct figure. The loss on business houses is about $1,000,000, and on the lumber interest from $200,000 to $250,000, making a total of about $2,500,000, on which the insurance is fully $1,000,000.

Outside of the lumber interest the insurance is about fifty per cent. of the losses. Among the heavy losers are Jones & Stiller $50,000; insurance, $71,000; R. L Bigger, 70,000; insurance, $40,000; McKey & Folds, $35,000; Clark & Forbes, $30,000: insurance, $27,000; S. M. Hay & Bro., $45.000; P. J. Watson, $40,000; insurance, $10,000; Cell & Rogers, $25,000.

A relief committee has been organized, and substancial assistance for the afflicted is arriving from Fon du Lac and other neighboring cities. Last evening at a meeting of the Council the fire limits were pushed forward in the direction from which fire always threatens. The object is to take the saw and planing mills out of this locality.

ANOTHER MINING HORROR—GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.

London, May 1—2 A. M.—A terrible explosion occurred yesterday afternoon in the Bunker's Hill Colliery, North Staffordshire, while the miners were at work. At midnight twelve bodies had been taken out. Twenty-three men are yet in the mine, and there is no hope that any of them will be recovered alive.

DEATHS.

On April 21, Ida Catharine Emerick, daughter of John Emerick, aged 2 years 3 months and 24 days.

"High in Heaven's own light she dwelleth;
Full the song of triumph swelleth;
Freed from earth and earthly failing,
Lift for her no voice of wailing."

On the 28th ult, at Centre Hill, of disease of the heart, Elizabeth Paget, aged 74 years, 2 months and 26 days.

MARKETS.

Produce.

New York, May 1.—Wheat in moderate demand; receipts 71,000 bushels; No. 1 Spring $1 27@1 31; No 3 $1 16@1 18; No 2 Milwaukee $1 23@1 24, winter red western $1 47@1 42; White $1 40@1 44. Rye firmer at 95c@$1. Oats firmer; receipts 19,000 bushels; mixed western 74@67½c; white 76@78c. Hay quiet at 60@65c. Coffee firm at 16½@19½. Sugar firmer fair to good refining 8½@8¾c; prime 8@8¼.

PHILADELPHIA

Philadelphia, May 1.—Flour active and higher; Wisconsin and Minnesota family $6 15@6 25; Pennsylvania, Indiana and Ohio $6 75@6 25; high grades $6 25@7 75. Wheat excited; red $1 46; amber $1 45; white $1 48@1 50. Rye at $1 08. Corn active; yellow 91@91c. Oats stronger; white 76@77c; mixed 75c. Pork $22 75@23. Lard 15@16c. Petroleum refined 13½c. Cloverseed slow $11 5 @12. Butter steady; New York and Bradford county extras 2?@30; do firsts 23@24c. Eggs firm; western fresh 16½c.

CHICAGO.

Chicago, May 1.—Wheat irregular; No. 1 spring $1 09; No 2 $1 04 spot; $1 03 seller May; $1 04 seller June; rejected 93c. Corn—demand active and prices advanced; No 2 mixed 76@76¼c spot; 76c bid seller June; rejected 72c bid. Oats steady and in moderate demand; No 2 62½@62¾c spot; 62½c bid seller May; 63½c bid seller June. Rye dull and nominal at $1 07. Barley dull and nominal; No 2 $1 30@1 31 spot; $ 25 seller may.

BELLEFONET MARKETS.

White Wheat $1 00 Red 95.....Rye 90 .....Corn 65 ....Oats 60.....Barley 90. 70.....Cloverseed 8.00.....Potatoes 60 Lard per pound 8.....Pork per pound 06 Butter 20.....Eggs 15.....Plaster per ton $14 Tallow 8.....Bacon 10.....Ham 15 Lard per pound 8 cents.....Buck wheat 65 cts.....Flour per barrel retail 7.00... Nova Scotia plaster $14 to 15. Cayuga plaster $9.50 per 2000 lbs.

Treasurer.

We are authorized to announce that D. K. Guise, of Potter, will be a candidate for Treasurer, subject to the usages of the democratic party.

Sheriff.

We are authorized to announce that John Spangler, of Potter, will be a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the usages of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce that J. Henry Keller, of Harris, will be a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the usages of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce that Levi A. Munson, of Philipsburg, will be a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the usages of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce that George Hoffer of Potter, will be a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the usages of the democratic party.

Spring Goods,

At Potter's Mills,

J. B. M'ENTIRE,
Dealer in
Domestic Dry Goods.

Ladie's Dress Goods

of every description, embracing all the New Styles in the market. Also,

NOTIONS,
LACES, HOSIERY, GLOVES,
CLOTHING, CASIMERES,
CARPETS, OILCLOTHS, BOOTS, SHOES, GROCERIES & PROVISIONS

of every description all of which will be sold at very low rates for CASH or its equivalent. Don't forget the place, come and see us anyhow, if you don't buy. No trouble to show goods.

Country Produce Taken in Exchange for Goods. 6may 6m.

MILLINERY GOODS.

Mrs. N. E. McENTIRE,
Potter's Mills,

has just returned from Philadelphia, and is now ready to accommodate her customers with the latest styles of Straw, Silk and fancy Hats, Bonnets, &c., Velvets, Flowers, Crapes, Silk Goods, Feathers, Blondes, Ribbons Ruches, Braids, Ornaments, &c. In short, a full line of all the latest styles of Millenery Goods, which will be sold at the lowest prices. Call and see the Goods.

☞Hats and Bonnets retrimmed in the latest style.☜ 6may 3m

At Bellefonte,

MONDAY, MAY 17th,

P. T. BARNUM'S

GREAT
Traveling World's Fair.
The Barnum Unrivaled Exhibition.
Company Proprietors.
P. T. BARNUM. PRE-IDENT.
P. T. BARNUM'S
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM!
P. T. BARNUM'S
COLLOSSAL CARAVAN!
P. T. BARNUM'S
MONSTER MENAGERIE!
P. T. BARNUM'S
Steam-Operated Polytechnic Institute.

Twenty Great Shows in One, including a seperate Stupendous Intercontinental Amphitheatre, with
Dan Castello's
International Hippodrome!
And the
TERRIFIC WILD BRAZILIAN BARE-BACKED RIDER.
Lowand's Imperial Brazilian Circus.
TWO EIGHT WORLD WONDER EXHIBITIONS DAILY.
A Single Ticket, Only 50 cents,
Admitting to each and every Department. Children under nine years of age half price.
Doors open at 1 and 7 P. M
Grand Animal and Arenic Entree one hour later. May6 2t.

POWERS'
BOOT AND SHOE STORE,
Opposite Bush House,
BELLEFONTE, PA.

Powers' Boot & Shoe Store is the largest and best stocked establishment in Centre County.

He keeps constantly on hand a full line of
BOOTS AND SHOES.
He is just opening the largest stock of Spring Goods ever brought to Bellefonte
FINE SHOES
for ladies, kept constantly on hand.

Boots and Shoes for men and women, of all styles, quality and prices, from the most costly to the cheapest, constantly kept on hand.

WE DEFY COMPETITION!

either in quality or prices. Call and examine his new stock of Spring and Summer Goods, and you will find it to your advantage. Apr21ly.

NEW STORE, NEW GOODS AND
Panic Prices.
H. A. LARRIMER.
at the old Centre Hill stand.
Just opening a Stock of
NEW GOODS,
OLD FASHIONED PRICES!

A large variety of
Ladies Dress Goods
Great Bargains in
Muslins and Calicoes.
Ready-made Clothing
Warranted to Suit.
His Cloths and Cassimers,
Cant be excelled
His Grocery Department,
Astonishes every one in assortment and low prices.
Syrup, Sugar, Tea, Coffee, Canned fruits, Domestic and Foreign Fruits, Cheese, and every other article belonging to the Grocery Department

☞Farmers, Mechanics and Laborers look to your interest. One dollar saved is a dollar in pocket. Then call and see at what astonishingly low prices.

☞No trouble to show Goods.☜
Also the choicest FAMILY FLOUR always on hand. Apr. 15, y.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Geo. Carlin, late of Pot

Verses Written in an Album.

Here is one leaf reserved for me,
From all thy sweet memorials free;
And here my simple song might tell
The feelings thou must guess so well.
But could I thus, within thy mind,
One little vacant corner find,
Where no impression yet is seen,
Where no memorial yet has been,
O, it should be my sweetest care
To write my name forever there!

TOM. MOORE.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Farm Hints.

The hay product of the United States has more than trebled in the last thirty years.

It is said that over twenty thousand cows are kept for dairy purposes within a radius of twenty miles of Wheaton, Ill.

Twenty horses die in New York city every day, which gives a total of more than 6,000 a year. Their carcasses are sent to the rendering companies.

Central New York farmers estimate that, with average culture, good soil and manure, the cost of producing wheat is seventy-two to seventy-eight cents per bushel.

A witness in a Catskill law office describes the poverty of a field of corn as follows: "The crop was so stunted and short that the toads could sit on their haunches and pick bugs off the tassels."

If your hens are inclined to eat their eggs give them a liberal dose of cold lard chopped up in pieces as you would mince-meat. This was told me by a lady friend, who said it cured her hens of this habit.

One speaker at the Maine agricultural society meeting confessed that he "used to chase the creatures around the barn with a pitchfork, and thought the devil was in the cows; but he discovered by treating them kindly that the devil was in himself instead."

A cholera remedy is named by a correspondent of the *American Rural Home* as follows: This disease is very easily treated as follows: For fifty fowls take two quarts of wheat bran and stir into a pot of boiling water; add one teaspoonful of saleratus, one ditto of black pepper; stir it all together and place it where all the fowls can get some—the hotter the better.

Grinding tools calls for the exercise of great judgment in the determination of the angle, and skill in handling so as to secure a true edge. Workmen make a mistake in grinding down to the edge. This should never be done unless it is nicked or otherwise rendered irregular, as the grindstone leaves a rough edge which must be cut away by the oil stone. By grinding well down to the edge, without reaching it, the iron is given the required shape, and a very little rubbing on the oil stone will produce a good keen edge.

Buckwheat for Orchards.

For some reason buckwheat, which is not much of a crop in itself, is found to be just the thing for growing in orchards. The dense shade afforded by the plant keeps the ground light and friable, and this tendency is further increased by plowing under the green buckwheat at least once a year. If the orchard is old it is as well not to try to grow the grain, but keep a succession of growths through the year to be turned under when in blossom. Buckwheat is usually cheap, and needs only half a bushel per acre for seed. If allowed to ripen a crop occasionally, what is accidentally scattered will furnish sufficient seeding. This is the cheapest mode of keeping large orchards in good condition, as the grand requisite is to keep the soil, especially the surface soil, loose. Closer injures the growth of young trees, and it takes two years to get a crop ready to plow under. A new advantage of buckwheat is that when rightly managed it becomes an aid in fighting the codling moth. If the trees are kept smooth and no chance for a lodgment of the worm on the trunk, many will hide in the stalks of buckwheat. Plowing the ground just before winter sets in destroys the enemy, as it winters in the pupa state, and cannot live in contact with moist earth. Where all the loose stuff, weeds, and rubbish are plowed under, just before freezing, thousands of the codling moth are destroyed, thus greatly lessening the evil the following season. This has been practically tested by apple growers of the Grand Traverse (Michigan) region, who find buckwheat the best crop to keep their orchards in good condition. Plowing orchards late in fall, or during winter when the weather is warm enough, is advisible wherever it can be done.

Spring Suggestions.

A great many farmers imperil their crops by seeding before the ground is in proper condition to receive seed. No matter if the season is late, it does not pay to sow seed upon cloddy, lumpy, half-pulverized soil. There is no seed that we know of that should be sown upon ground in such condition. Seeds cannot germinate, in the first place, if sown among a mass of clods and lumps of earth. The soil must be fine and compact about the seed in order to insure germination. If, by chance, a portion of the seed does get properly covered, it will not make a healthy, rapid growth for want of proper soil in which to extend its roots. Early seeding under such conditions retards the growth, results in a loss of seed, and the plants are never so healthy and fruitful as when the seeding is delayed until the sand-bed is in proper condition. Make haste slowly, therefore, in sowing seed—that is, make all possible haste after the ground is in proper condition, but not before.

It is better to buy roots, even potatoes, if the farmer has not got them, to feed with hay and grain to his stock through the spring months until the ground gets settled and the grass is grown sufficient for pastures than to turn the cattle on the pastures or meadows where they only get a sufficient taste of fresh herbage to destroy their appetite for dry food. Roots are wholesome, a necessity to animals fed with dry food; and if judiciously fed they promote both the health and thrift of the animals.

BEES.—It is not safe to remove hives of bees from April to December any distance short of a mile, as many are liable to return to their old location and are lost. A good hive of bees should be filled about three-fourths full of bees, as they are packed between the combs, and should have in April not less than ten pounds of honey to render their prosperity sure. The combs and bee-bread in a hive often weigh ten or fifteen pounds, so that must be taken into account in the gross weight of the hive.

Another Gold Field.

The New York *Times* says: It is now reported that Gen. Custer proposes to discover a new gold field somewhere west of the Black Hills, among the Big Horn mountains. This is a locality for which expeditions of adventurous explorers have before now fitted out in vain. The government has absolutely forbidden any invasion of the region, which is an Indian reservation. It is now suggested that Gen. Custer may find gold there; certainly he will, if he takes with him the mischief makers who have made so much noise about the visionary deposits of the Black Hills. There has been an interminable amount of talk about this last named country; and if to this is added another "gold field" and Indian puzzle, people will begin to think that the far West is a sort of limbo for the detention of profitless and vexatious chimeras.

The Big Horn mountains, which the report says Gen. Custer will penetrate, are about one hundred and fifty miles west of the Black Hills, and they are a portion of the Rocky mountain range. The country between these mountains and the Black Hills is like that south and east of the latter, and may be properly described as a desert. The information concerning the Big Horn country is very general, though its principal topographical features are well mapped.

The Panama Canal.

The sea which divides also unites. In ancient times the command of the ocean gave power to nations, for then commerce was almost entirely a question of transportation by water. In war times victory was decided by the strength of navies. Thus England was for centuries the ruler of the world because of the superiority and the enterprise of her sailors. But a change has come over the world. The invention of steam makes railroads more useful than canals, and the ship is superseded by the locomotive engine. The Union Pacific railroad controls the trade of a continent, and the passage around Cape Horn has become almost as obsolete as the voyages of Captain Cook or the discoveries of Magellan.

Still, in spite of this enormous value of the railroad to civilization and commerce, the ocean still plays its part in the world's affairs. The wisdom of the great engineering feat of cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Suez has been fully vindicated by its results. England has been profited more than France by the speedy communication it affords Europe with India. The commerce of the world has been benefited by the new means of transit. It is not strange that the United States government, in view of this success, should be desirous to emulate it by cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Darien. But it should not be forgotten that the configurations of the continents make a vast difference in the situation. The Suez canal is more valuable to Europe than the Darien canal can be to America. We have—what Europe has not—direct railroad communication over the continent from ocean to ocean above the fortieth degree of latitude, and through a territory subject to but one government. Because of her rival and jealous nationalities the railroad system of Europe does not possess the same security nor offer equal advantages to the commerce of the world. Therefore, we must not imagine that the Nicaraguan canal is as important to America as the Suez canal is to Europe. The conditions are altogether different.

But there is no doubt that the Pacific and Atlantic oceans will be ultimately joined by a canal upon one of the lines through the Isthmus of Darien which have been surveyed under the authority of the government. The railroad cannot stop the canal. The report of the results of the United States surveying expedition has been received with deep interest. It explains the advantages of the different plans proposed, especially of the Nicaragua and Panama routes, and, though there is little probability that the work will be begun soon, it is well to have the facts fully presented for the consideration of the public.—*N. Y. Herald.*

A Dead City.

The New York *Herald*, commenting upon the assertion of Senator Morton that New Orleans was a dead city, says:

New Orleans is one of the most interesting of our cities. It has a continental quality that none of the others possess. Its roots extend into other soils than the Cavalier or the Puritan. New Orleans, French in its origin, and at one time under the control of the Spaniard, has always shown the influence of France and of Spain. There is something of Paris in the sprightliness and taste of the people; in the merriment, which makes Sunday a feast day and not a day of fasting; in the Carnival and Mardi Gras. Every street in the old city recalls the glory of the Bourbon or the ambition of the Bonaparte. Before the war it was a prodigal, luxurious metropolis. The planters looked upon a winter visit to New Orleans as a recompense for a hard season's work in the cotton field and sugar house. The Mississippi poured its treasures into its lap. It was the entrepot of Mexico and Cuba and Texas. There was no city to challenge its dominion but Mobile, for Galveston was a little seacoast town that was scarcely known in the families of cities. Alone, therefore, far distant from the other ruling cities, mistress of the Gulf of Mexico and the Mississippi, New Orleans rapidly strode along, and before the war had perhaps as much wealth for her population as any city in the Republic.

Even now New Orleans is ninth in the list of cities, if we may take the figures of the census of 1870. It then reported 191,000 population and 33,656 dwellings—something more than San Francisco and less than Cincinnati. The latest authority as to its commerce, Edward King, in his valuable and interesting work on "The Great South," shows still many signs of prosperity. The last reported cotton crop, 1872-73, was a hundred thousand bales larger than the year before the war. The total value of the imports in New Orleans for the same year was more than one hundred millions and the exports over six hundred millions. More than one-third of the cotton passed through New Orleans. This is a source of enormous wealth alone. It is hard to think a city should be dead, or in any apprehensions of death, that sends out from its ports more than six hundred millions of dollars a year.

The *Herald*, after giving some of the reasons why the trade of New Orleans should fall off, adds: New Orleans may suffer a temporary depression, but there are elements of strength and glory about the old town which cannot be destroyed.

Fires and Floods in Australia.

The Melbourne *Argus* reports that the colony had been afflicted by a visitation of heat such as had not been experienced for several years. The mortality had been unprecedentedly great, and during the previous week there were two hundred and seventy-nine burials in the Melbourne cemetery alone, of which one hundred and ninety-six were of children. A series of disastrous bush fires had also taken place, doing immense damage to property. The most direct losses, says the *Argus*, are those of settlers, who have had their farmhouses, or cattle, or stacked crops consumed, and they are many in number. In several cases flocks of from five hundred to one thousand sheep, besides cattle, were burned to death. The hottest summer ever known—a summer of blistering winds, droughts and destructive bush fires—has been followed by heavy and disastrous inundations. In January, at Melbourne, the mercury rose to one hundred and five degrees in the shade, and on March thirteenth (first fall month), whole districts of country out there were under water. Within three months, by fires and floods, millions of property had been destroyed.

Made Lands.

The reclamation of a very valuable tract of land upon one of the Scotch rivers was made in a very simple manner quite recently. Stakes were driven into the mud at the water's edge at regular distances parallel to the course of the river. Between these stakes branches of trees and brush were thickly matted or interlaced. This simple contrivance resulted in the deposit at every high water of large quantities of silt and mud, until at last an embankment was thrown up without any further expense, sufficient to keep out the water except at high floods. The land thus reclaimed was sown with grasses, and is now used for grazing cattle, and is valued at $300 per acre for this purpose alone. There are thousands of acres alongside of our rivers, both upon the coast and inland, which might be reclaimed in this or similar ways at very little expense.

The Coal Miner.

In his gloomy "ways" and "drifts"—often nine hundred feet below the surface—the English coal miner is quite a different being from what he is in his village. There, in curious postures, his limbs cramped and his torso twisted, he "hews" at the face of the "seam" like a galley-slave—the thin gauze of his dimly-twinkling Davy lamp alone separating him and his fellow-toilers from inevitable explosion and certain eternity. Yet, grown careless by familiarity with this thrilling fact, he has frequently been known to devise ingenious means to unlock his lamp for the purpose of gratifying his inordinate love for a "pipe of baccy." The fearful explosions of Burradon, Lundhill, and Page-Bank—in which over five hundred lives were sacrificed—was attributed to some unknown pitman's cravings for "a smoke!"

THE CHILDREN OF APRIL.

An Editor Preaches a Sermon on the Month and its Fruits.

The New York *Tribune* has been led by the flirtations of April into a line of thought that runs from the season itself to the season's friends, or as it terms them, "April men." It says: We might tolerate April during his thirty day's life, however, if he did not give his character to so many people whose illluck had dragged them into the world while he had charge of it. An April day you can guard against with fire, overshoes, or a flannel shirt; but how will you defend yourself against an April friend? The man or woman born in this treacherous month is not fickle, with gusty but sincere fits of affection and prejudice, as we might suppose. They are the sweet sentimentalists in religion, friendship, or love; the friends who send you bushels of flowers when you are ill, but never sit up with you at night; who delight in long and frequent letters of raptuous or despairing effusion, but who would not stint themselves of ten dollars to save you from ruin; if you move out of town they will not remember you for a day; if you die they will write an obituary notice or a copy of verses which would bring tears from a stone, and will go to the auction of your effects and brag for weeks of the bargains they got there. The surface of their character to those who know them but little is a delicious glow and harmony—pink, tender blossoms of emotion, sweet cooings, and songs of praise, and showers of ready tears—ye gods! what floods of tears! But their wives or washerwomen see the frost and mud below—they strike every hour upon the icy substratum of selfishness, the cruel, untempered will. There is Floyd's pretty wife across the way—a most devout little creature according to popular belief. She has the face of a mediæval saint as the roselight falls about her. The echoing anthems make her tremble and turn pale; a picturesque sermon or earnest prayer brings the sudden tears down her cheeks. But at home she is greedy and miserly, a cat as to temper, a lazy housekeeper, and a selfish wife and mother. It never has occurred to her that her fine sentiments or sentimental religion could become real in her actions, or serve as daily bread for her own soul or for those about her.

There is Norcott, too, whom we watched the other night at the opera—nobody could doubt as to the time of the year when he was born. The miserable fellow was descanting to a young girl beside him on Schumann and Beethoven and "the currents of passion and love which ebbed and flowed through his soul at their call," and his pale blue eyes were fixed on her face with a meaning which dyed the pretty face with crimson. It was one of many guilty episodes in his life. Meanwhile, Mrs. Norcott, who has borne him five children, was at home working as usual to keep him and them fed and clothed. There have been plenty of April's children's among musicians and composers—men and women who were given power to stir the souls of others to noblest ends, and were themselves gross and selfish and mean. The ranks of literature have known too many of them—there was Moore, chanting tenderest hymns to patriotism and love, while duchesses wept around, and poor little Bessie sat alone and neglected in the shabby cottage. There are Byron and Dickens and Lamartine and a dozen others. But the world had the best of the bargain with these; it heard the songs and reaped the flowers, and only the wife or children at home saw how hard and shallow was the muddy ground below. It is in private life that the children of April are to be dreaded, and bring a curse on real honor, love and religion as deadly as the plague.

Varieties in Fashions.

Wide rich fringes with fanciful headings trim the basques and overskirts of two-thirds of the French dresses imported this season, a fashion journal tells us. Lace-like crocheted headings are on some, while others have the broad latticed headings of the fringes usually seen on Canton crape shawls. There are also braid fringes of silk or wool in many new designs.

Worth refuses to abandon jet trimmings, and uses them on all his handsomest black silk dresses, overdresses, and wraps. Pingat uses it very sparingly, preferring the popular Titan wool braid for trimming the rich wraps for which he is famous.

Among the most stylish overdresses are talliers and fichu-jackets made of alternate stripes of Titan braid and beaded yak lace. They are ornamented with a sash and bows of double-faced satin ribbon, black on one side, and pale blue, cream, or scarlet on the other.

Batiste of pure sheer linen is now imported in pale rose, light blue, and navy blue for suits, wrappers, and children's dresses. It is trimmed with open English embroidery done in white on the garment. The suits of this fine lawn are charming for afternoons in summer. Morning wrappers of pink or blue batiste are Gabrielles, with basque backs, and sometimes shirred waists. They have insertion and edging in rows down front and back, and a flounce on the edge is also embroidered.

Byron or sailor collars of the dress material or of the silk used for trimming are on many new dresses. Sometimes there are two collars, one of the plaid wool like the basque, the other of silk like the sleeves. Other Byron collars of silk are made of fine knife plaitings laid around the neck, while still others are rows of crimped plaiting passing downward, and alternately of silk and wool.

Many plaid basques and overskirts are cut bias, and each plaid is made to meet in every seam.

Cravat bows of silk like the dress or its trimming are made of two long loops, two ends, and a strap, all laid in the finest knife plaitings. Other cravat bows are merely the silk doubled plainly. Three or four such bows trim the front of basques.

The newest plaid suits are shades of green or of blue. These are shown only in very fine camel's-hair and in the Louisine silk. The popular plaid suits are of gray or beige brown shades. The gay Madras plaids, with colors copied from bandana handkerchiefs, are as largely imported as were Dolly Varden goods two years ago. They are in all fabrics, from cheap ginghams up to fine twilled silks, and promise to find favor at the watering-places. At present they are pronounced too gay for city streets.

Making a Piano.

It takes nearly four years to make one instrument; three years and some months to season the wood, and three months to form the parts. No less than sixteen different kinds of wood enter into the formation, embracing the softest, toughest, hardest, heaviest, lightest and most compact grain. In the "action" alone there are eleven different kinds of wood. The piano, moreover, is cosmopolitan, from the fact that the vegetable, animal and mineral kingdoms of the world contribute to the composition. While spruce pine from Northern New York, maple from Massachusetts, pine and ash from Michigan, cherry from Pennsylvania, walnut from Indiana, and poplar from West Virginia, after passing through choppers, sawyers, raftmen and inspectors, as well as buckskin of four kinds, first from the wild deer and then from the manufacturers, are necessary, this country does not furnish all the material required. Six kinds of felt, four kinds of cloth, besides silver for the plates, silver gilded strings, cast-iron, many kinds of paper, as also ivory, ebony and varnish, are all imported from other countries. In an ordinary piano there are five hundred screws, one hundred and seventy strings, eighty-five keys and five hundred and twenty key and tuning pins. In a seven octave square about ninety square feet of veneering is used, and in the "action" alone there are no less than 5,072 pieces. From the foregoing some conception of the requisites of a square, upright or grand piano may be formed.

Every one thinks his party has the kernel and others only the shell. Whereas they are all apt to let the kernel alone, and dispute about the shell, as if that were the kernel.

NO FEELING OF ANIMOSITY.

Nothing at Concord or Lexington to Revive the old Feeling between the United States and England—A Hint for the Next Centennial.

It is a just topic of congratulation, says the New York *Herald*, that no speaker, no set orator, no poet, whether at Lexington or Concord, uttered one word which tended to revive the ancient feeling of animosity between America and England. The foremost of them all, Mr. Emerson, the one man whose every utterance is sure to circulate as far as the English tongue is spoken, was careful not to implicate the English people in the oppression of the colonies. Mr. Emerson's wisdom is equal to his knowledge of the facts. He fixed the blame where the Declaration of Independence put it, on the misguided king, whose blind obstinacy prevailed over the better sentiments of his ministers, his Parliament and the wisest of his subjects. "We had many enemies," said Mr. Emerson, "and many friends in England, but our one benefactor was King George III. In the resistance of the colonies he alone was immovable on the question of force. Parliament wavered, all the ministers wavered. Lord North wavered, but the king had the insanity of one idea." Had the English people been blest at that time with a wiser king the great strife could not have arisen. The most illustrious of English statesmen were mainly on our side. Lord Chatham, Burke and Fox, the three greatest orators who ever spoke in parliament, strenuously opposed the mistaken policy of the pigheaded king, and even Lord North, his pet minister, stood by his sovereign only from a sentiment of loyalty to which he subjected his better judgment. Our own statesmen drew their most effective weapons from the great armory of English rights and English freedom. Their cardinal principle, that taxation and representation went hand in hand, and that a free people could be taxed only by their own representatives, was a principle imbedded in the very foundations of the English constitution. Their resistance to illegal taxation proceeded from the same spirit that stood out against benevolences and ship money under the Stuarts.

Our fathers were imbued with the sentiments of Sidney and Locke. The Declaration of Independence repeats the views, and even borrows the phrases of Locke's celebrated treatise on government. We stood in our great struggle on the *habeas corpus*, on the trial by jury, on the English common law, on the great bulwarks of English freedom. We fought English oppression with English ideas. The most illustrious of English names—Hampden and Pym, Sidney and Locke of a past generation, and Chatham, Burke and Fox of the generation then living—were the authorities which our fathers constantly cited. The whole body of the English whigs sympathized with us, and we were really fighting an English battle against the tories. We borrowed the phraseology of English party contests, and stigmatized as tories the recreant Americans who sided with the mother country. It was not a contest against English ideas, but a contest against the tory party and a tory king. The enlightened public sentiment of modern England long ago decided that the colonists were in the right and George III. in the wrong, even on sound English principles. We rejoice that all the orators at Lexington and Concord recognized this truth, and that no word was spoken which would obstruct a full and free participation of the British people in our great centennial next year. The whole British people long since indorsed our resistance to the British crown, as they are logically compelled to do by their pride in the great statesmen and orators who took our side in that struggle. Our centennial celebrations are, therefore, not a reproach to the English nation, but a justification of the confidence and admiration it unanimously bestows in this age on Hampden and Pym, on Sidney and Locke, on Chatham, Burke and Fox, the most illustrious names in British history. We therefore hope to see a full British representation in the great Centennial at Philadelphia next year.

How He Surprised Her.

A little while ago, says the Toledo (Ohio) *Blade*, a young gentleman and lady of our city decided to unite their fates in Hymen's rosy chains, and the intention was carried out a few weeks ago. In discussing their prospects, just before the wedding occurred, the young couple concluded that they could not go to housekeeping immediately, but must board for a year or so. There are few things which a young wife resigns with more reluctance than the hope of succeeding to a neat cosy home of her own, but this young lady did so, and made up her mind to be as happy as possible in a boarding-house. But just before the wedding the groom heard of an opportunity to purchase a charming little house, just such as his prospective wife pictured their home should be, and newly furnished precisely according to her taste. A bargain was offered in the whole affair, and the groom closed upon it, but resolved to keep the transaction a secret—for a surprise to his wife. This he did effectually. After the wedding the happy pair started on the usual trip, and in due time returned to the city. The husband suggested to his wife that before going to the hotel they go up into the city to call upon a certain friend of theirs. She assented, the hackman was directed to drive to their house, and they were shortly deposited at the door of a neat dwelling on —— street. The door-bell was rung; the servant appeared and ushered them into a neatly-furnished parlor; a bright fire was burning in the grate, and everything was cosy and homelike. The wife sat down, and the husband said he would step back into another room to look for the gentleman of the house. He returned shortly, alone; and the lady of the house was also not forthcoming. The young wife expressed surprise, and wondered what could be keeping the hostess so long.

The time for the denouement had come, and the young husband tenderly informed his bride that she was the sole mistress of the house and all its contents.

Thoughts for Saturday Night.

Patience is the key of content.
Ingratitude is treason to mankind.
Pardon others often, thyself never.
No grief is so acute but time ameliorates it.
Men love in haste, but they detest at leisure.
The innocent seldom find an uneasy pillow.
Habit, if not resisted, soon becomes necessity.
I pray thee, O God, that I may be beautified within.
Let pleasure be ever so innocent, the excess is always criminal.
Every tear of sorrow sown by the righteous springs up a pearl.
The way of this world is to praise dead saints and persecute living ones.
The utmost that severity can do is to make men hypocrites, it can never make them converts.
I could never think well of a man's intellectual or moral character if he was habitually unfaithful to his appointments.
Remembrance is the only paradise out of which we cannot be driven away. Indeed, our first parents were not to be deprived of it.
It is the mind that makes us rich and happy, in what condition soever we are, and money signifies no more to it than it does to the gods.
True virtue, when she errs, needs not the eyes of men to excite her blushes; she is confounded at her own presence and covered with confusion of face.
A good man and a wise man may at times be angry with the world; at times grieved for it; but be sure no man was ever discontented with the world who did his duty.
Duties are ours, events are God's. This removes an infinite burden from the shoulders of a miserable, tempted, dying creature. On this consideration only can he securely lay down his head and close his eyes.

"Orthogrammania," is what they are calling the rage for spelling matches.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Items of Interest from Home and Abroad.

The German government journals give tranquilizing assurances in regard to the relations of Prussia with foreign powers.....During a debate in the Prussian Diet on the bill withdrawing the State grants from the Roman Catholic clergy, Prince Bismarck made a speech declaring that he was not an enemy of the Catholic Church; he warred only against the Papacy.....Agents of the French government have made contracts in Bohemia for ten thousand horses.....The Carlists have surprised Fort Aspe, near Santander, and carried off two hundred prisoners and four guns.....The Anti-Slavery Society of Pennsylvania celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of its organization in Philadelphia. Vice-President Wilson called the meeting to order.....It is reported that the Turks have murdered 270 Christians in Roumelia and Bulgaria during the last three months, and that the names of the victims have been communicated to the foreign representatives in Constantinople.....In a match game of base ball at Savannah, Ga., two players, McCullough and Bailey, were badly injured. McCullough's leg was broken by a runner jumping on him, and Bailey had his nose split and eye nearly put by a "red-hot" ball. The game was then stopped.....President Grant has appointed Leander C. Dwyer, of Tennessee, Consul at Odessa, Russia.....The stage from Downieville to Sacramento, Cal., was stopped by highwaymen and Wells, Fargo & Co.'s treasury box containing $5,500 in gold dust, bars and coin, was carried away.

The committee on elections of the Louisiana Legislature have accepted the Wheeler award, and the Democrats have now a majority of seventeen in the House.....The reports of negro incendiarism in St. Thomas, W. I., prove to be unfounded.....Ten and twenty dollar notes of the National Hide and Leather Bank of Boston, with fictitious signatures, are in circulation.....The annual budget of England shows that the surplus of receipts over expenditures for the fiscal year ended March 31, 1878, was £593,833. The expenditures for the current fiscal year are estimated at £75,268,000, and the revenues at £75,685,000, leavin a surplus of £417,000.....The British Parliament rejected a petition for the removal of the judges who sat in the Tichborne trials and for the impeachment of the Speaker of the House of Commons.....Henry W. Dutton, senior editor of the Boston *Evening Transcript*, died, aged seventy-nine years. Within five months Mr. Dutton lost his wife and son, and these afflictions, coupled with the recent decease of Mr. Haskell, editor of the *Transcript*, were the indirect causes of his death.....John Clifford and Thomas Melaney, workmen at Hawkin's foundry in Springfield, Mass., were instantly killed, and James Duke fatally injured, by the explosion of a shell.....The widow of the late Thomas Emery proposes to build a new structure for the Y. M. C. A. of Cincinnati, to cost from $75,000 to $100,000.....The act making it a misdemeanor to practice medicine without filing a certificate with the county clerk, was killed in the New York State Senate.

The wife of a physician at St. Paul, Minn., committed suicide by taking strychnine.....Mrs. Mason, aged seventy, hanged herself at Providence, R. I., and Mrs. Irwin, described as a respectable young widow, drowned herself and child at Hannibal, Mo.....The Chipaan silver mine at Newburyport, Mass., was sold for $1,000,000 to a joint stock company organized in New York for the working of the mine. The same parties paid $41,000 for other parcels of land in the vicinity.....John Hunter, of Collingwood, Canada, has been sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment for incendiarism with intent to defraud the Hartford Insurance Company.....A party of three persons ascended in the balloon Zenith at Paris to make scientific observations. The balloon attained the extraordinary height of 8,000 metres (over 26,000) feet. Two of the aronauts were suffocated to death, and when the balloon reached the ground the third was almost insensible and has since been so ill that his recovery is doubtful.....Three hundred bales of cotton were destroyed by a fire at Charlotte, N. C.....Two women and two men have been recently sent from Washington to the asylum for the insane, having gone crazy over the Beecher trial.....The American revivalists in England are meeting with great success, their meetings being attended by thousands of people.

A New York policeman is under arrest for clubbing a prisoner to death.....Anton Linburg, a Swede, while drunk, fatally stabbed Andre Johnson, in the latter's sick room, at Collinsville, Ct. John Felton, a German, who entered the room on hearing the trouble, was stabbed four times by Linburg, and died instantly. Felton's wife also received a fearful stab in the hip. Linburg then plunged the knife into his own body and also cut his throat. He lived only a few moments.....The weekly record of deaths by diphtheria continues in the large cities of the United States, with no falling off in the fatality of the dreadful disease.....There was a falling off last week, over the same week last year, in the coal supply from the Pottsville region of 70,597 tons, and from other sections the deficiency is fully as large. From various sections the decrease this year over last is 954,718 tons.....A forty-eight hours snow and hail storm raged in Michigan, Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin, and it is believed that even the fruit trees themselves are in many cases killed.....It is believed that the season will be very sickly in the West Indies, and the yellow fever will prevail seriously.....Mason, the counterfeiter, stabbed two of the witnesses against him in jail. He attempted to kill them but failed.....A large amount of valuable stock, which cost large sums of money, is now being imported into the United States from England.....The Emperor William has written a letter of congratulation to King Victor Emanuel expressing his gratification at the recent interview between the latter and the Emperor of Austria at Venice.....The bill withdrawing the State grants from the Catholic bishops has passed its second reading in the Prussian Chamber of Peers.....The Mexican government has caused the prisoners recently arrested for raiding into Texas to be removed from Matamoras to Monterey, a distance of three hundred miles, which will probably prevent them from being identified.....Stockmen report seeing small parties with pack mules inquiring details of the way to the Black Hills. They lie in the caverns during the day and travel by night, thus rendering it impossible for the military to detect them.

At the Lexington Centennial it was said that fully 100,000 persons were present; had the weather been pleasant there would no doubt have been a still larger number.....The lodgment of a fish bone in the throat resulted in the death of a man in New York under painful circumstances.....The miners captured by United States troops in the Black Hills regions have been released under promise that they will not again attempt to reach the hills until the government gives them authority to do so.....Catherine Hays, aged seventeen, journeyed from Ireland to her brother's house in Brooklyn last August. The brother had a family of five, and being out of work, was reduced almost to starvation. A few days ago he said to her: "Kate, I wish to God you were at home with father and mother, where you might have a good time, instead of being here as poor as we are." The next morning she answered the remark: "You will not have to say that again." She put on her shawl and went out, and soon after her body was found in the canal.....President Grant made no speech in reply to the toast, "The President of the United States," at the Lexington Centennial dinner, merely rising from the table and bowing to the large assemblage.....The famous horse Kentucky, died at his stable on Long Island. The last time he was sold $40,000 was paid for him.....In an affray at Hawkinsville, Ga., two men were killed and one seriously injured.....Frosts have caused serious damage to cotton in several of the Southern States.....The difficulties in the Louisiana Legislature are not yet settled, and the State will evidently have to pass through another political crisis.....Two men being refused admittance to the Bush Tavern in Wales, Mass., attempted to force an entrance, whereupon both were shot and killed.....Another band of Mexicans have been raiding upon Texas ranches, and four of the ranches were burned. The Mexicans traveled in a party of forty and robbed and burned as they went along.....Both Houses of the New York Legislature adjourned to take part in the Lexington Centennial ceremonies.....A contract has been made by which the stone work on the East river bridge, between Brooklyn and New York, will be completed this year.

The Secretary of the United States Treasury has issued a call for $5,000,000 of five-twenty bonds, upon which interest will cease on the twentieth of July. The bonds called in are coupon bonds, and are included within the following numbers: Fifties, from 15,401 to 17,100; one hundreds, from 40,001 to 44,200; five hundreds, from 20,001 to 22,400; one thousands, from 66,001 to 70,950.....The editors of the Paris *Union* and *Pays* fought a duel with swords. Both parties were wounded.....The charge of libel brought against Dr. Kenealy by the sub-editor of the London *Advertiser* has been dismissed.....The committee of the Louisiana Legislature appointed to investigate the accounts of State-Auditor Clinton, recommend that he be impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors.....The treasurer of Booth's Theater, New York, was arrested under the Civil Rights bill for refusing a reserved seat to a colored man.....The superintendent of the new capitol at Albany, N. Y., says that with $2,500,000 he will be able to put a roof on the building in two years, and that the Legislature could go into its chambers in three years.....Oscar Burton was killed in Somerville, Tenn., by one Doyle. Burton, last fall, had a terrible recontre with three brothers named Rivers, in which two of the Riverses were killed, and the other dangerously wounded. Burton being shot nine times, and, it was thought, mortally wounded.

The Spring Styles.

Following Easter comes the spring openings of the milliners and the dressmakers, and there is much excitement. Among the spring styles the Derby, or English walking hat in chip, bids fair to be a leading style for shopping, morning promenade, and traveling wear. It has a high, slightly tapering crown, with a rounded top. The brim bends low and square down over the forehead and in the back, but is turned up very high on the sides, and lined with silk the color of the chip, or some dark, neutral shade if the hat is black, brown or gray, but of any color that suits the fancy if the chip is white. The trimmings are scarfs of soft-shaded plaids or damask ribbon, or serge or gros grain. Dark red roses in a mass are placed in either the front or the back of the hat, and bows and loops of the ribbon or scarf. Sometimes the flowers are of strongly constrasting colors, but the dark roses are worn most by fastidiously tasteful women.

A marked feature of the suit openings is the absence of the pouf or panier in the new costumes. But all the draperies are massed in the back, and the deep full plaits formed of the back breadths fall over tournaires or bustles of modest dimensions. Tunics and apron overskirts are still worn but modified, and many of the imported styles have no aprons or overskirts, but with flounces, plaitings and shirrings arranged *en tablier* across the front breadths, disappearing under revers extending down the sides, while the back breadths form a deep box-plaited watteau in the back, falling in straight lines to the floor over the tournure. Sometimes two, three, or more knife blade plaitings trim the bottom of the back breadths.

Suits for little girls and misses of plain, striped, or plain camel's hair and debege, are made with kilt skirts. This style is worn by girls from two to twelve years of age. The body is a loose, long blouse, held around the waist with an elastic run in a hem at the bottom. A scarf of the same is worn around the hips, knotted, and with loose, flowing ends falling either at the back or on one side. Large white sailor collars of plain linen, or of Irish lace, or application embroidery are worn with these kilt suits. Other suits for little girls are made with kilt skirts, but the corsage is formed of a vest and jacket very similar to a boy's. The white pique suits are made in this style. The plainer ones are bound on the edges with linen or cotton galloon, the handsomer are embroidered in white.

About the Hatter.

The old problem about the hatter and the counterfeit bill is going the rounds again. A hatter is waited upon by a man who wishes to purchase a hat. A hat is found to suit him exactly—the price eight dollars. The man offers in payment a fifty-dollar bank note. The hatter has no small bills, and is obliged to go to a neighbor and get the large bill changed. He returns and delivers the hat, and gives to his customer forty-two dollars of the small, good bills. Before night the neighbor who had changed it brings back the fifty dollar note as counterfeit. Of course, the hatter has to give him fifty dollars in good money for it. The dishonest customer was not seen again. Now how much did the hatter lose by the operation?

I have heard a vast deal of discussion over this question. The last time I heard the thing mooted was in a friend's store, where were present two good bookkeepers, and an accomplished insurance agent. How much did the hatter lose? "Why—fifty dollars and the hat, of course," said the agent. And the others were wilder than he.

Just take the simplest possible proposition, and we have it. The hatter's cash account at night. Or, a second simple proposition. There was but one sharper in the business—what did he make off with? Or, to make it, perhaps, plainer still, suppose, instead of going to his neighbor to get the fifty-dollar bill changed, the hatter had happened to have fifty dollars in small bills of his own at home, and had gone home and got them? Reckoning up profit and loss from that situation is very simple.

A Hero.

There is enough of heroism and nerve in the way a Tennessee locomotive engineer met his death to temper with sympathy the judgment which his foolhardiness deserves. He was employed on the Georgia and East Tennessee railroad, and was cautiously working his way over the track with a passenger train just after the recent floods had subsided. He reached Sweetwater creek, over which a temporary bridge had been built to place the one washed away by the swollen waters. It seemed insecure, and he feared to risk his train and his passengers in crossing it; so, uncoupling the engine from its tender, and ordering the fireman to leave his post, that but one life might be endangered, he dashed at full speed for the other bank. There were moments of breathless suspense, then a crash of broken timbers, an explosion, a cloud of steam, and a wrecked engine. The engineer was seen no more; the rushing river into which he fell swept his body far away, leaving only his name, David Halloway, to memorize his generous but reckless act.

The most eminent organists of Paris and London, as well as Warren, Morgan, Zundel, of Trinity, Grace, and other principal churches in New York, have given to the Mason & Hamlin Organ Co. written testimonials to the superiority of their cabinet organs, which they declare to have excellencies not found in others.

The Parisians devour 100,000,000 of apples ever winter. An eminent French physician thinks that the decrease of dyspepsia and bilious affections in Paris is owing to the increased consumption of this fruit, which, he maintains, is an admirable prophylactic and tonic, as well as a very nourishing and easily digested article of food.

A Second Father Matthew.

Who is there that does not respect the memory of Father Matthew, the great champion of temperance? Innumerable societies bear his honored name; but there is one man who has struck a more sure death-blow to intemperance, and that man is Dr. J. Walker, an old California physician, who has discovered, in nature's "meek and lowly herbs," a medicinal "tonic" and gentle stimulant that completely takes the place of the fashionable alcoholic poisons called "tonics," so popular as a compromise between strong drink and cold water, and does away with the mania for drink, and in reality cultivates an involuntary disgust for the same. It even does more: It acts upon the entire physical system, purifies the blood, and produces hale, hearty health. The discoverer of this great medicinal stimulant is surely entitled to the thanks of a whole nation, and it is not extravagant to entitle him "a second Father Matthew."

Why should any one buy a soap half rosin or clay, when Dobbins Electric soap (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia), is for sale? It costs but a trifle more, and will go five times as far. Try it.

A JOINT STOCK BONNET.—The young women in the Halifax works, says a London correspondent, are certainly not pretty, but they seem to have a fine flow of spirits. I am told that they have a remarkably fine taste in dress. A lady in Halifax having occasion to enter a milliner's shop had her attention attracted by a beautiful and very expensive French bonnet, and inquired the price; she was told it was sold. "Oh, I had no idea of buying such an expensive bonnet," said the lady, upon which the milliner said: "It is a joint-stock bonnet—that is, it belongs to three factory girls, who wear it by turns on Sunday."

A Remarkable Book.